

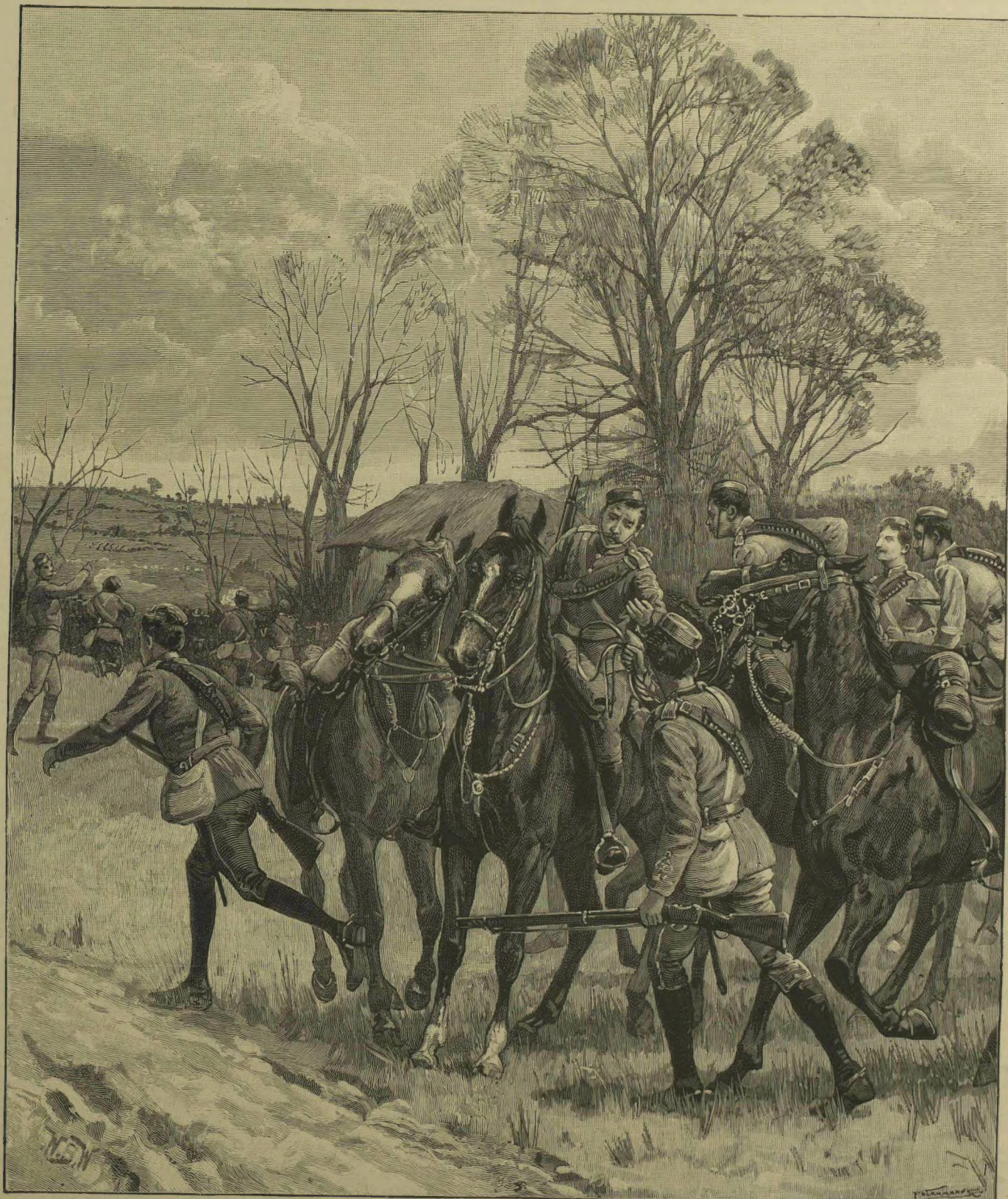
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO (SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS! By Post, 6d.



THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES: MOUNTED INFANTRY OPPOSING THE ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It might have been thought that the art of advertisement could no further go. We have them on our books, on our walls, and in the most unexpected places, such as the sails of our pleasure-boats, and in stories in the newspapers which begin with a dramatic episode and end with somebody's soap or somebody's syrup. But man himself has now been pressed into the service; I met half-a-dozen fellow-creatures in Piccadilly the other day, not more "sandwich men," but every inch of them spaced out with myriads of advertisements, ranging from tea to trousers, and with this amazing announcement on their foreheads—*Spaces to be let on sixty men.* This opens a new vista of employment indeed. Each man will be paid, of course, according to his superficial area, and, therefore, very fat people will be sure of a large and probably increasing income. Hitherto, sandwich men have been inclined to leanness: many of them seem to have given their attention less to food than drink; but henceforward it will be worth their while to cultivate corpulence. Fathers of families, with an eye to this profession for their offspring, will no doubt bring up their children, as Mr. Squeers brought up young Wackford (also for advertisement purposes) on fat-producing food. It appears that there are at present but sixty candidates for this new calling; it is the only market not overstocked; and, what is very remarkable, it offers employment to the very class most in need of it—the obese. I now confidently look forward to the time when, in all cases of wares that may be expected to have a permanent sale, these advertising agents will be tattooed.

An amusing parallel to the famous story of "I prefer the gout" comes to me from Newcastle. Though matters are almost as much at ebb there as they can be, in the way of trade, ale is still flowing. A collier who had a very bad leg was plainly told by his medical attendant that his love of drink was the cause of his disease, and that he must either give up his ale or lose his leg. He had no more hesitation about the alternative than had Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" in a similar predicament: "If this 'ere log winna stand a drop o' good ale, I'll hae nowt to do wi' it. Off wi' it!" One knows many people who favour this sort of drastic treatment to the recalcitrant members of their frames. A popular plan with us in relation to our digestive organs is to eat all nice things, however unpleasant, and "let 'em fight it out with one another." Another class, whose treatment of their own interior reminds one of Mrs. Montagu's domestic system, makes a point of giving it whatever disagrees with it, with the avowed object of seeing "which tires of it first." Observation leads me to conclude that this generally happens to the advocates of this spirited policy—the jingoes of sanitationism—themselves; but the plan is very popular.

Two excellent reforms are promised to us which will meet with no opposition from any party or parties. One naval engineer has discovered a means by which all "rolling" in ocean steamers—a thing infinitely worse than log-rolling on land—shall be done away with; and another a system by which their vibration, which he ascribes to improper balancing of the engines, shall disappear. To those who make their business or their pleasure in great waters, but on whom nature has imposed the penalty of sea-sickness, this will be good news indeed. The benefactor of his species is still to come, however, who will guarantee us against that downward motion of a ship—when the vessel itself seems to be sinking, and makes us thereby so supremely miserable that we do not care whether it is or not—compared with which mere "rolling" and "vibration" are as fleabites to mosquito-stings.

The prospects of the coming Parliament, in view of the fact that one hundred and forty-three of the Home Rule candidates and ninety-one of the Unionists are lawyers, are described as "not very cheerful." The observation does not err on the side of exaggeration; but, on the other hand, it is possible to be too hard upon the legal profession. A writer in a journal of great circulation affirms that the sole reason for the present existence of marriage settlements lies in the family solicitor, who has "a very strong personal motive" for leaving matters as they are; it is argued that since the passing of the Married Women's Property Act "this complicated legal instrument" has become absolutely unnecessary. A more incorrect statement has been seldom made; for, in the first place, it is not every married woman who has property, in which case she requires some to be settled on her by her husband; and, secondly, there are those "postnuptial articles" called children to be considered, and a marriage settlement is as necessary to provide for them as ever.

On behalf of all writers of fiction I protest against this outrage on the family solicitor. Novelists have been generally severe on lawyers, and no wonder; lawyers used to throw them into sponging-houses and debtors' prisons, and still continue to persecute them in county courts. But these were never family lawyers. If you consult the authorities, from Scott to Dickens, you will find the family lawyer a little expensive, perhaps, but

uniformly honest. It is he who protects the widow and the orphan, and gathers up the fragments of "the property" for them, which their bread-loser has well nigh destroyed; he is the good genius of the story in its financial aspects, and in the third volume invariably defeats the malignant enchanter of the same profession, who would deprive them of their rights. He is always sagacious, bald, and intensely respectable, and entertains a paternal and perfectly Platonic affection for the heroine, at whose marriage feast he is welcomed with effusion, after he has concluded the little business in the back dining-room by which she and her offspring are made secure from further misfortune. An attack on the family solicitor strikes at the very foundations of (fictional) social life.

A writer in the *Field* accuses the County Council of having done their best, or their worst, to put an end to the model-yacht sailing in Victoria Park. One cannot conceive why. It is not only a wholesome and intelligent recreation, but nourishes an inclination for the naval profession which stands in sore need of encouragement. It might even prove the nursery for our constructors, and, for all we know, some White in embryo may be at this moment designing something in these suburban waters (not up to his knees) which may prove the germ of future navies. Without knowing anything of nautical matters, the observer of these mimic flotillas cannot but be struck with the fine qualities of their juvenile proprietors—the faith with which, in spite of their vessel being obviously becalmed in central ocean, they believe in its coming to land at last; the endurance with which in an east wind (and that a contrary one) they abide its arrival; and the courage with which they defend their property from the dripping dog, who thinks that the tiny craft has been merely thrown into the water for him to "retrieve." Is there no admiral or post-captain among the aldermen of the County Council to advise it upon this matter and stay its piratical hand?

The enormous sums reported to be paid to French novelists for their works have a very appropriate touch of fiction about them; to bring them down to fact it is necessary to divide their figures by two, and in some cases even by ten. Where their English confrères have really good cause to envy them is in the absence of the French reviewer. If we may believe a statement of Mr. Sherrard's in the *Author*, there is only one novelist in France who is ever reviewed offensively: he is a cripple, and cannot call his critic out; whereas the rest are ready with sword and pistol to repel any insinuation of a flaw in their works. A second reason (though the first seems quite sufficient) is that French reviewers are so badly paid, "their maximum rate of pay being only fourpence a line." Persons, however, who have not scrupled to disclose the secrets of this "dreadful trade" assert that it is even less well remunerated in England, and that the reason why the extracts in reviews are so deplorably brief is that they are not paid for at all. Mr. Sherrard's contribution is very interesting, and gives information upon the commercial aspects of French literature which, so far as I know, is not to be found elsewhere. The serial rights of a story, as in this country, are generally far more valuable than the book form, which is not surprising when we remember that it was the French who first introduced the serial. The unknown author must have money to spend if he would become known, for "no French publisher ever dreams of risking a farthing." Nor is there any national interest in the subject of literature. The catalogue of books in the French National Library is not yet published, for want of funds. "Yet France spends forty pounds a minute on her army!"

Persons who are in favour of fair play, and object to the running down of any particular class, will be gratified by the report of the health officer of Bombay upon the crocodile. There is probably no creature, save the mosquito, whose use has been so persistently denied or its moral character more impugned. The crocodile's tear has been always a synonym for hypocrisy. The bird which is in constant attendance upon it, so far from showing it to be not incapable of friendship, is accused of seeking its own ends, or, at the best (like the brother who loved Robespierre), is cited as the exception that proves the rule. And now, after all, it turns out that the crocodile, though it must be owned not ornamental, is extremely useful. The health officer warns the Corporation of Bombay that if the crocodiles in its reservoir continue to be killed off, the purity of the water supply will be ruined. They destroy everything that is obnoxious, and perform the part of scavengers to admiration, and, of course, gratuitously. If this be so, why should not crocodiles be imported for our metropolitan water companies? They could scarcely be pumped into our cisterns (though some largish foreign bodies do find their way there), and if they did eat a "collector" or two, it would give much public satisfaction.

The new "fog-annihilator" announced by a Philadelphia journal is very promising, but its performance is confessedly short. By a certain electrical discharge fog can be cleared away in a moment, and the thicker it is the more easily this can be done; but, unhappily, the period

of absolute clearness is but momentary. The fog "drifts in again from surrounding areas." On the other hand, one can command a succession of electrical discharges and keep on the clearing process (or, rather, the dissolving of the fog into rain), which is effected without noise, or any of those hideous smells which attend artificial rain-making. It seems to be a process eminently fitted for private use. On a "pea-soup day" in London, we should only have to take out our fog-annihilator instead of our umbrella, and make, if not "a sunshine in a shady place," at all events a visible atmosphere wherever we go. Our informant does not state whether the instrument is portable, but, doubtless, it could be packed in a four-wheeled cab, and even that would be very satisfactory. Imagine the comfort of being able to get home in daylight in a London fog by means of engaging a cabman and discharging an electrical machine! Nor would it be a selfish pleasure. What a relief one would afford to all the people going in the same direction, of whom, for "an area of two acres," one would be the pole-star! I know of nothing more likely to secure the personal attachment of one's fellow-citizens—in November.

The fashionable handshake of the last twelvemonth or so is going out. The complicated operation is said to have produced something analogous to the tennis arm. A great wit has thus classified shakes of the hand: "The *high official*—with the body erect, and a rapid, short shake, near the chin; the *mortmain*—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity; the *digital*—one finger held out, much used by the higher clergy; the *shakus rusticus*—an iron grasp betokening rude health and distance from the Metropolis; and the *retentive shake*—which, beginning with vigour, pauses, and, without relinquishing its prey, begins again." One wonders what he would have said about the fashionable handshake. Never having seen the motions of an automaton when a penny is dropped into its slot, he would for once, perhaps, have lacked a metaphor.

It is a curious fact that all the records of actual crime, however dramatic in their circumstances, are dull and bald. Just as a jest-book is the most melancholy of productions, so the "Newgate Calendar" and its congeners are most wanting in interest and excitement. Perhaps the editors of these annals imagine that the subject itself is sufficiently attractive, and that such strong wine needs no bush; at all events, such is the rule, and the memoirs which our ex-executioner has just given to the world are no exception to it. The narrative of his experiences can hardly be called "morbid," and certainly not "revolting," but, considering the topics it has to deal with, it is commonplace. One cannot help thinking that if we had had his advantages we should, from a literary point of view, have made more of them. It is a free country, and everybody has a right to his reflections, but those of Mr. Berry are unusually feeble; they may have their value as a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication. The facts, for example, he quotes in illustration of his objections to capital punishment—which, considering his late occupation, are rather ungrateful, and remind one of the outbursts against the administration of drugs which physicians who have made their fortunes and retired from the profession indulge in—seem to point entirely the other way. Perhaps this arises from his natural tender-heartedness (of which his editor assures us); but at times he acknowledges that nothing but the fear of death (and he might have added of a flogging) affects the more brutal class of criminals. They may pretend to ignore it, like Mr. James Murphy, who writes to a friend in the country: "I am in good spirits. The Governor brought your letter to me at dinner-time and the hangman with him. I shook hands with the hangman, and he ast me to forgive him, and I did so. And I eat my dinner none the worse for that." But when no one is at hand to impress with this courageous conduct, their behaviour alters. Mr. Alfred Sourey, who shot a young girl because she refused to marry him, without the slightest compunction, exhibited the greatest emotion at his own fate, "contesting every inch of the ground over which the procession to the gallows had to pass, and inscribing with his highlows a memento on Mr. Berry's shin, which will never be erased." After careful perusal of the biographies of this gentleman's clients, one cannot, indeed, see any reason to regret the loss of their society in a single instance; but as to himself, one is certainly inclined to pity him. That trade was a sad one, as he pathetically remarks, on which "business falling off" meant a slackness in capital crimes; though, for that matter, one has seen gentlemen in both "services" rubbing their hands in prospect of a European war. The paucity of humour in Mr. Berry's work is not surprising, but the attribute is not wholly absent. On one occasion he was very ill treated by three gentlemen in a railway carriage, who had somehow got it into their heads that he was the public executioner. Two years afterwards, however, he had the pleasure of meeting them under more favourable circumstances. "It was at Carlisle, where they were condemned to be executed (for the Netherby Hall burglary and murder), and I carried out the sentence of the law." Their names were Messrs. Rudge, Martin, and Baker.

PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

III.—PARLIAMENT.

The consequences of possible rashness in a ruler are only to be truly feared when he is absolute; but William II. of Germany, who formed the subject of our last vignette, is very far from being an autocrat. For, on one hand, his perfect freedom of action is limited by the Federal Council or representative board of his fellow-sovereigns, without whose assent, for example, he cannot enter upon a war of aggression; while, on the other, he has restraining weights attached to both his feet in the shape of the Prussian and the Imperial Parliaments—the Landtag and the Reichstag. Both these representative bodies are returned on different principles of election—the former, or at least its Lower Chambers, by the double or indirect system of voting, the latter by universal ballot; but their party composition, complexion, and procedure are pretty similar, and the description of manners and methods which applies to one holds fairly well good of the other.

It is not to be expected that a Legislature like that of the Empire, which has only been in existence for about a score of years, should bear very much resemblance to the Parliament of England, with its perfecting practice of centuries. For how can the youngest child of a family compare in strength and spirit to its time-tempered sire? And how, moreover, can a child which is tightly wrapped up in the swaddling-bands and leading-strings of a written Constitution develop its limbs so fast as a youngster who is free to roam the fields at will, o'erleaping the fences of royal prerogative, and encroaching, by the most imperceptible degrees, on the privilege-preserves of the Crown? Unfortunate, comparatively speaking, are the people who have a written charter or signed agreement between them and their rulers; for the line which separates the sea from the shore may change, and the water may in time usurp the place of the land, but the black-and-white rights and liberties of a Constitution-clad nation make no more progress in growth than the feet of the boot-cramped Chinese.

Why, then, abuse the Germans for tolerating so much patriarchal treatment on the part of their rulers, or vilipend these rulers for standing on the precise letter of their Constitutional rights? A bargain is a bilateral thing, is it not? And yet, if there have ever been any attempts in Germany (after the "Conflict Time") to violate or circumvent the Constitution, these have oftener than otherwise been on the side of the crowd than of the Crown. But a "thus far and no farther" on the part of the latter has ever served to restore the balance of conscious power. Broadly and briefly put, the Parliamentary Constitution of the German people may be expressed in the following charter: Article I. The people have the universal right of voting. Article II. The Government has the absolute right of vetoing. *Voulo tout!* As a corollary of these clauses the German Parliament is more of a registering than a resolving body. Its main function is to record what the Government has resolved to do; and though it may, indeed, refuse its assent to Bills and thus reject them altogether, it is powerless, on the other hand, to pass measures which lack the countenance of the Crown. The deputies in the Reichstag (as well as in the Landtag) have the right of initiating bills; but not a tenth, not a twentieth, not a thirtieth of the measures which are laid before the Legislature are the proposals of private members.

And, then, where shall you look for a bench of Ministers who are the product of any particular majority in Parliament? Nowhere; for the King is entitled to appoint his Ministers as the exclusive instruments of his policy and will, apart altogether from the chance predominance of this or that party. The prospect of pay may tempt a man to stand for the Prussian Diet, for the members of the Lower Chamber thereof are allowed so much a day; or the exercise of unsalaried patriotism may seem sufficiently alluring to a candidate for the Reichstag. But never can the hope of being made a Cabinet Minister or an Under-Secretary of State induce any man in Germany to become a member of the merely recording and rejecting body called the Legislature. Bismarck always managed to create majorities; but majorities could never create a Bismarck, or much less an anti-Bismarck, or even a counter-Capriivi. Germany is a country which has a kind of Parliamentary régime, but not by any means a party system of government, and perhaps this is not an unmixed evil; nay, all things considered, it must be regarded as a positive blessing for a country which is, and promises to remain, in the position of a besieged fortress, and which must therefore set a higher store on an efficient and undiminished army than on an eloquence-eaten and demagogue-driven Assembly.

German is not a language which lends itself very readily to the graces either of Parliamentary eloquence or of polite literature, as these are elsewhere understood, and you get about as little of the one as of the other in the capital of the Empire. But in the Reichstag lack of oratory has a very good substitute in solid sense and love of work—"Laborare est orare" being the motto of the members—roughness is counterbalanced by honesty, immaturity of form by matter of fact, party spirit by patriotism, and want of dignity by devotion to duty. Among the four hundred Deputies who sit, fraction-wise, in segments of a circle fronting the President's rostrum, are some of the most distinguished heads in all Germany, though the "public man," as we in England understand the term, has not yet

been produced by our Teutonic consins, and, indeed, cannot be as long as their present political framework endures. As for their Parliament, it is perhaps still almost as much of a Tabaks-Collegium as of a popular Assembly—an impression which is deepened when, in wandering through the lobbies, you perceive how much informal yet effective work is done in the corridors and the committee-rooms. But, with all its necessary limitations and inevitable shortcomings, the German Parliament—which, like its sister Legislature of Prussia, is now elected for five instead of three years, as before—has made itself a famous historic body within the comparatively brief period of its existence. It has done splendid service to the united Fatherland, and been the scene of many a stirring and memorable incident. It has already passed out of its nonage, and the strength, dignity, and wisdom of its manhood will receive becoming investiture when it removes from its present plain and dingy place of meeting in the Leipziger Strasse to the magnificent structure, the finest in all Berlin, which is rapidly approaching completion on the garden-like Königsplatz.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE DR. ALLON.

The sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Allon, which took place at his home of 40 many years, in St. Mary's Road, Canonbury, on Saturday, April 16, will be widely and deeply deplored.

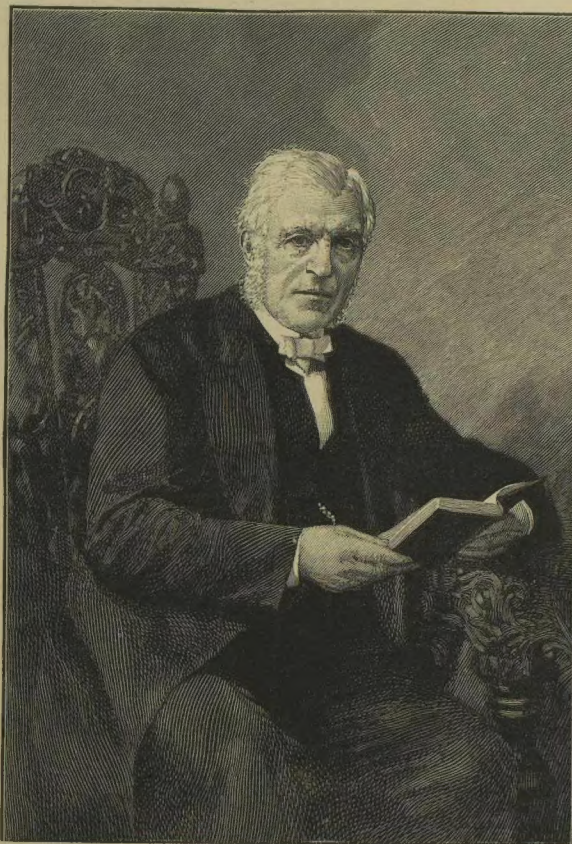


Photo by Messrs. Downey.

THE LATE REV. DR. ALLON.

Like another eminent Nonconformist—Dr. Donald Fraser—he lay dead when the Saturday papers contained the announcement that he would preach on the Sunday.

Dr. Allon's career was long, sunny, and honourable. He was born of humble parentage at Welton, near Hull, in 1818, and, with the quiet tenacity which marked his character through life, set himself early to the work of self-cultivation. He struggled through many difficulties till, after a course of training at Cheshunt College, he became assistant-minister of Union Chapel, Islington, in January 1844. The chapel was comparatively small, and the liturgy of the Church of England was used. Mr. Allon fitted at once into his position; with his colleague, the Rev. Thomas Lewis, he worked on the friendliest terms, and, on Mr. Lewis's death, in 1852, he became sole pastor. The growth of the congregation was continuous, and in 1861 the chapel was enlarged. In 1887 a new church was built, at a cost of £40,000, which, however open to criticism from an artistic point of view, is admirably suited for the purposes of Nonconformist worship. The church was opened by Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, and Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester. Dr. Allon continued his ministry there to the end. A colleague was recently given him in the person of the Rev. W. H. Harwood, of Sunderland, who is now sole pastor. Although the exodus to the suburbs has made it increasingly difficult to maintain in its pristine strength such a congregation as Dr. Allon's, his ministry continued to the last influential and prosperous, while the friendly relations between himself and his people never knew jar or disturbance.

As a Christian minister Dr. Allon was best known for his deep interest in the musical part of the service. His "Congregationalist Psalmist" is well known, and but for some difficulties and misunderstandings his selection of hymns

would probably have also been used in Congregational churches. He was an excellent preacher—not startling or brilliant, but one who could always be depended on for a thoughtful and refined sermon. Among Congregationalists generally no one was more popular; he was the only man who was twice elected to the chair of the Congregational Union, and he was constantly in request to open new churches and conduct special services. On the division of the Liberal Party Dr. Allon sided with the Unionists, and this led in great measure to his withdrawal from public life. He did not wish to enter into controversy with his friends, and although he expressed himself freely in private, and wrote on one occasion at least a decided letter to the *Times*, he preferred to hold aloof from the heat of the conflict.

Dr. Allon was known to the general community as a man of wide culture and considerable literary ability. He edited for many years the *British Quarterly Review*, commenced by the accomplished Dr. Vaughan, and fully maintained its ability and interest. Among the chief contributors was the late Professor Freeman, with whom Dr. Allon was on intimate terms. Mr. Gladstone also—to the last a warm friend, in spite of political differences—contributed one of his most remarkable articles, that on Evangelicalism. Dr. Allon's own writings were mainly religious, and included, besides sermons, memoirs of Thomas Binney and James Sherman. But his sympathies were wide, and he contributed to his own magazine and other papers some excellent criticisms, among which we would specially note reviews of George Meredith's books, which were at the time of publication almost alone in recognising merits which the whole world has since confessed. Dr. Allon was much interested in the Society of Authors, was a member of the council, and occupied a prominent place at a recent dinner of the society.

Dr. Allon, who held the degree of Doctor of Divinity for St. Andrews University and Yale College, America, leaves a widow, four daughters, and two sons.

A SNAKE CHARMER IN KASHMIR.

In the city of Srinagar, the capital of the Maharajah of Kashmir, there is a palace whose spacious halls and courtyards are thronged with lounging spectators of a performance still dear to the wonder-loving Oriental mind. Snake-charming is a feat repeatedly described by travellers in India, and explained by scientific physiologists who know the processes whereby animal instincts are lulled and subdued. The reptile can either be deprived of his natural weapon, his deadly poison, or can be gradually weaned from the impulse to use it offensively, till the simplest child may lay hands on the basilisk, the viper, or the cobra, without fear of harm, or may let the serpent curl around his neck, while the artful conjurer, practising an hereditary secret skill, ascribes this marvel to the favour of the gods. If you should take pains, as an enlightened European friend, to convince the Hindoo crowd that this is no miracle at all, the snake-charmer would then console himself with a professional proverb: "Plenty fool man come next time."

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

No considerable improvement, as yet, in the miserable condition of the central and eastern provinces of European Russia has been reported. The Imperial Government, which can act, in such a task, only through provincial and local administrators, has many official obstacles to contend with, but has made large grants of wood from the forests to provide the destitute families with winter fuel. Many thousands of peasants have abandoned their homes and tramped great distances to the towns, some of them coming even to St. Petersburg. Halting on their weary road at night, they beg for shelter in any cattle-stall or stable; the richer proprietors, in general, freely bestow what alms or food they can spare. Letters from Kieff tell strange and sad tales of the sale of children. A peasant in the Gaisinsk district is said to have sold his eight-year-old daughter for six roubles. Another peasant who desired to emigrate disposed of his four children for a few roubles. In the village of Namiroff, in the Braslawsk district, a peasant sold his two children—the elder a girl of eight years, and the younger aged five years—for five and three roubles respectively. These transactions would probably be illegal. That their occurrence should be thought credible shows the wretched state of the country. A second cargo of American maize flour, given by the people of the United States to Russia, has been landed in the port of Libau and forwarded by railway to the province of Samara, on the Volga.

A murder perpetrated by a Russian prince, Vladimir Douritch, has scandalised aristocratic society in St. Petersburg, where he entered the house of his cousin, Alexander Schipkuloff, with whom he had a family quarrel, and killed him with a hatchet. He was pursued, and then shot himself dead.

A singular misadventure has occurred near Berlin, on ground where some Prussian military experiments with pincine shells took place five or six years ago. Some of those shells were lodged in a target formed of a bank of earth, and remained there unexploded. They were recently dug out. Two men carried off a shell and tried to break it open. One of the men was blown to pieces and the other seriously hurt.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

The principal operations for the military field-practice of Volunteers belonging to the metropolitan and Home Counties district this year were conducted in the neighbourhood of Deal and Dover, an enemy being supposed to have landed at Deal, and further included the defence of a position near Chatham; but the latter performance was rather spoilt by the bad weather and some difficulty in executing the plan of tactics. The hostile force on the road from Deal to Dover, commanded by Colonel J. C. Russell, Cavalry Dépôt commandant, numbered 5300 men, consisting of mounted infantry, the 13th and 14th Middlesex, a field battery of six guns, the South London, 2nd South Middlesex, 4th West London, 5th West Middlesex, London Scottish, Harrow, Civil Service, Bank of England, Queen's Westminster, Inns of Court, Artists, and Cyclist Volunteers, with a reserve brigade of regulars, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, 1st Border Regiment, Royal Marines, and 1st Highland Light Infantry. Colonel W. J. Gascoigne, Scots Guards, was brigadier. The defending force, under Colonel J. B. Sterling, of the Coldstream Guards, amounted to 3500, and was composed of East Kent Yeomanry Cavalry, a field battery of four guns of the Royal Artillery, the Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers, and the North London Volunteer Brigade, including the Victorias, the St. George's, London Irish, 18th, 19th, and 21st Volunteer Battalions (Bloomsbury and Finsbury), Central London Rangers, 2nd Warwickshire, and 1st East Kent.

The position of the defending or English force, who had marched out, before eleven o'clock on Easter Monday, in two columns, with artillery between them, to meet the enemy, was in open ground, free of hedges, knolls, and woods, with three bare ridges and shallow valleys lying from north to south, and crossing the line of defence. It extended over two miles, from the cliffs of St. Margaret's Bay to the high road between Dover and Deal; its right centre was at St. Margaret's, and its left centre at West Cliffe Farm. Here the 19th Middlesex and 21st Middlesex (Finsbury) Volunteers, and the 22nd at West Cliffe Farm, were attacked, at the outset, by the left column of the invading army, consisting of the Queen's Westminster and 4th West London in the front line, the 2nd South Middlesex, and the Bank of England corps, while the regulars assailed the houses east of St. Margaret's on the cliff overlooking the sea. The attack was nearly five times the strength of the defending centre, which mustered but a thousand rifles, and, though reinforced by two hundred of the St. George's, was compelled by noon to fall back. But the commander of the invading army had extended his line too far to the left, where it became weak, and there it was suddenly confronted with the London Irish and the 18th Middlesex, emerging from the hollow, while the 22nd Middlesex, from West Cliffe, simultaneously engaged the enemy's right flank. This



TATTOO OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH AT DOVER.

counter-attack, if it did not actually check the advance of the hostile force towards Dover, put it in a compromising situation, threatening its communications with Deal. It may be considered, therefore, to have won a tactical victory for the defence.

At Chatham, on the road from that town to Maidstone, near the Upper and Lower Bell, where the large proportion of cultivated land under crops left insufficient space for manœuvring, down to Aylesford, on the river Medway, there was an engagement between the opposing forces of Lieutenant-General Goodenough, representing an enemy, and General Dawson-Scott, commanding the army of defence. The former had about 5000 men, formed in two columns, respectively commanded by Colonel Trotter, Grenadier Guards, and by Colonel Safford. They comprised the West London Volunteer

Brigade, with six Gardner guns of the Tower Hamlets Brigade, two battalions West Kent Volunteers, two Essex, a Royal Marine battalion, some of the Royal West Kent Regiment, eight guns of the 3rd Kent Volunteer Artillery, some West Kent Yeomanry and Mounted Infantry. General Dawson-Scott commanded 4300 infantry, composed of two battalions of the Royal Engineers and one of the Buffs, four West Surrey Volunteer battalions, four East Surrey, four guns of the Hon. Artillery Company, and two of the 1st Kent Artillery Volunteers, West Kent Yeomanry, and Cyclists. The troops marched to Borstal, where they were reviewed by the Duke of Cambridge, who was accompanied by Generals Sir Redvers Buller, Sir T. Baker, and other officers. Manœuvres were performed, on a small scale, at Portsmouth and at Winchester; and there was some artillery practice at Fort Grain, opposite Sheerness.



SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE AT DOVER.



A SNAKE CHARMER IN THE NEW BAZAAR, SRINAGAR, KASHMIR.

PERSONAL.

In Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who died on Good Friday, aged sixty, an Englishwoman of great literary power and extraordinary versatility has passed away. In extreme youth her first attraction was music, but, despite a fine voice and the rarer power of composition, she early turned to a literary career, while giving some study to painting, in which she became a skilful sketcher from nature. As a writer for a course of years, she produced a series of novels and tales of which the best known are, perhaps, "Barbara's History" and "Lord Brackenbury." A journey in the country of the "Dolomites" produced the work on that strange region, ably illustrated by the author. It was a visit to Egypt, vividly described in "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," which was the turning point of her career. Her interest in the monuments took shape by the foundation in 1883 of the Egypt Exploration Fund, which has produced a remarkable series of contributions to knowledge. With the munificent aid of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, Miss Edwards founded that society, and as joint and afterwards sole honorary secretary also conducted the large correspondence, edited the voluminous memoirs, and made from a small beginning a national undertaking. The labour was enormous, but success was won by a secretary who never spared herself, and never failed to give all information asked of her. Every year a volume has appeared by Naville, Petrie, Ernest Gardner and other scholars of distinction, describing the discovery or examination of the most interesting biblical and classical sites in Egypt. Thus it was really due to Miss Edwards that a mass of information was added yearly to the stores of learning. All this was unpaid labour.



THE LATE MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

To further the interests of the fund, Miss Edwards undertook a lecturing tour in America in 1890, when a severe accident shattered her health, though it did not interrupt her work for a day. Miss Edwards received degrees from several American Universities, and a few months since a Civil List Pension from the Crown. Her best memorial is in the hearts of her many friends, to whom she was endearing by acts of affection and by the unwonted charm of the greatest earnestness contrasted with the most lively wit. While her labour was the hardest, her enjoyment of life was the most keen.

Professor Karl Caspari, a famous Eastern scholar, is dead. He was, perhaps, the most learned of modern converts from Judaism to Christianity. He was born at Dessau, and began his profound studies of Eastern languages at the University of Leipzig. His conversion, from which he never wavered, took place in 1838, and, owing to his learning and talents, made some little noise in Europe. He was an opponent both of Judaism and of Nationalism, and retained to death his attachment to Lutheranism, the form of faith which he first espoused. The latter half of his career was entirely spent in Norway, and began with his appointment (in 1847) as Professor of Theology in the University of Christiania. There he gained very great influence over the minds of the students, with whom he was extremely popular, while from time to time he enriched modern Oriental learning with such works as the "Grammatica Arabica." He died at the age of seventy-eight.

A very old public servant has just passed away in Mr. William Carter, who was, we believe, the father of Mr. Bradwell Carter, of the *Times*, and lately of the London County Council. Mr. Carter's long life began in 1807, two years before that of Mr. Gladstone. He was the son of a Surrey coroner, Mr. Richard Carter, and he succeeded to his father's profession, being made coroner for East Surrey when he was only twenty-nine years old. This office he practically held for over half a century, though in 1883, when the county was split up into districts, he was transferred to the Newington section. Here his name was familiar as household words till 1887, when growing infirmity compelled him to do his work by deputy. He was a man of considerable ability, as well as of great experience.

A very able and efficient police official has just passed away in Colonel Sir James Fraser, K.C.B., who for twenty-seven years held the office of Commissioner of the City Police. Colonel Fraser's early career was associated with the 72nd Foot, from which he retired as colonel in 1854. He was afterwards made chief constable of Berkshire, and in 1863 he succeeded Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey in the Commissioner-ship of the City Police. He held this office till 1890, when he retired, from ill-health, with a pension of £1300 a year. He obtained his K.C.B. in 1886. By general consent Sir James Fraser was perhaps the most completely successful police official of his day. Under his wise and strong hand the City force attained a maximum of efficiency, while it was able to avoid the conflicts with popular opinion which have marred the

administration of the Metropolitan Police. No body of men discharge their duties with greater tact than the City Police, and no force has a more difficult or more responsible task.

An interesting sketch of Mr. Burnand in the *Strand Magazine* for April reveals the fact that when he was at Cambridge the present editor of *Punch* was responsible for one of John Leech's most amusing pictures. This was the well-known sketch of a small and very dresy undergraduate, with the thin smear of a nascent moustache on his upper lip, approaching the awful presence of the senior Dean of his college, and telling him that he understood he was to be questioned on account of his moustache. The Dean gruffly replies that he never perceived he had any. The drawing of the small undergraduate was a caricature by Mr. Burnand, and that of the Dean, which Leech left as his young correspondent designed it, was a faithful portrait of the original. The moustachioed one, however, bears marks of Leech's hand.

The publication of the first half-yearly volume of the *Bookman* (Hodder and Stoughton) is a clear indication that that interesting chronicle of bookland has come to stay. It contains much entertaining gossip and many serious reviews, Mr. Walter Pater and Mr. Quiller Couch being among the contributors. The articles on Carlyle are a distinct gain to our knowledge of that worthy, although coming, perhaps, too late in the day. People will soon be asking "Whose Carlyle?" as Emerson asked "Whose Southey?"

The editor of the *Bookman* is Dr. Robertson Nicoll, one of the most accomplished of living Nonconformists, and also editor of the *Expositor* and the *British Weekly*. Dr. Nicoll was at one time a Presbyterian clergyman, but he drifted to London some five years ago, succeeded Dr. Samuel Cox as editor of the *Expositor*, and founded the *British Weekly*, to which he gave a literary flavour attractive to many who rarely look at the distinctively religious journals.

The editor of the *Bookman* is pre-eminently a littérateur, and his sympathies with books of all kinds and times are charmingly wide and varied.

Mr. Paul Cushing contributes to the *National Observer* a poem entitled "For England's Sake," which is a prayer for war not less passionate, if less powerful, than the one made by the Poet Laureate in "Mand." But there was some meaning in Lord Tennyson's denunciation of "the long, long canker of peace." Whether he was right or wrong, it was written at a time when Englishmen's blood was up, and when it may not have been unwholesome to remind the manufacturers that the labour war was almost as harmful to the State as the firing of cannon. But, now, when partisanship is unusually free from bitterness and there is no foreign question agitating the public, we imagine and hope that the sympathisers with lines like these are few indeed—

Give us war, O Lord,
For England's sake;
War righteous and true,
Such as our fathers knew,
Our hearts to shake.
Ere the tricks and arts of peace
Make our manliness cease,
While our world-wide foes increase—
For England's sake!

And so on through four verses. It is interesting to contrast with this what the great soldiers of modern times have thought of "War, righteous and true." Those of us who have been reading General Marbot's memoirs have had a quite recent reminder of his horrors.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is contributing a series of letters to the *London Times* and the *New York Tribune*. His first sketch deals with life in an American village, and it will have a place among its author's most picturesque work—

"Winter life on a farm [he says] does not mean the comparative idleness that is so much written of. Each hour seems to have its sixty minutes of work; for the cattle are housed, and eat eternally; the colts must be turned out for their drink, and the ice broken for them if necessary; then ice must be stored for summer use; and then the real work of hauling logs for firewood begins. New England depends for its fuel on the woods. The trees are 'blazed' in the autumn just before the fall of the leaf, felled later, cut into four-foot lengths, and, as soon as the friendly snow makes sledging possible, drawn down to the woodhouse. Afterwards the needs of the farm can be attended to, and a farm, like an arch, is never at rest."

And again: "The men have gone away—the young men are fighting for fortune further west, and the women remain—remain for ever, as women must. On the farms, when the children depart, the old man and the old woman strive to hold things together without help, and the woman's portion is work and monotony. Sometimes she goes mad to an extent which appreciably affects statistics and is put down in census reports. More often, let us hope, she only dies. In the villages, where the necessity for heavy work is not so urgent, the women find consolation in the formation of literary clubs and circles, and so gather to themselves a great deal of wisdom in their own way. That way is not altogether lovely."

In the course of a recent paper on Lowell before a women's club, says the *New York Critic*, Miss Susan Hayes Ward included a story of the poet in reference to his second marriage. When rumour of the event became current among his friends, one of them, a staunch admirer of the first Mrs. Lowell and a firm believer in her husband's permanent widowhood, denied the gossip every time it met her. Finally, however, she wrote to Mr. Lowell that she had persistently denied the reports, but began to doubt her right to do so. She begged him to let her know whether she was to believe him a never-to-be-converted husband, or, after all, "just like any other man." The answer was prompt and brief: "Dear Madam: Yours, like any other man."

Rothley Manor, Leicestershire, where Lord Macaulay was born in 1800, is for sale by public auction. It has many

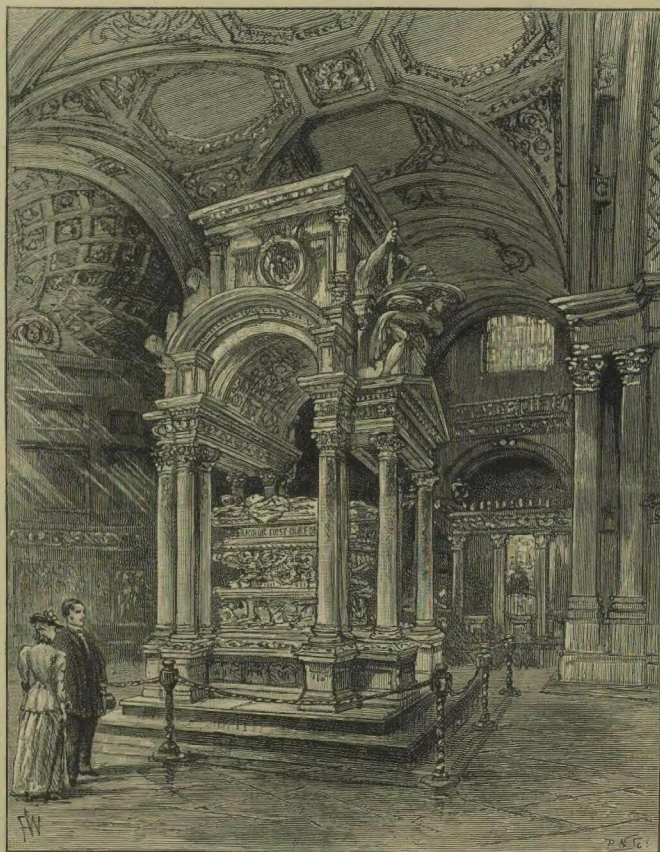
historical associations, and a thirteenth-century chapel of the Knights Templars is attached to the estate.

The Cambridge Eleven will this year have a new captain in the person of Mr. F. S. Jackson, the son of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Jackson succeeds Mr. McGregor, who is no longer in residence. He will have a difficult task, for the late Cambridge captain, in addition to being perhaps the finest wicket-keeper in the world, was a cricketer of unequalled nerve, sound judgment, and the greatest popularity with his eleven. Mr. Jackson is obviously his most eligible successor. He is an excellent bat and a very good bowler, and he has already done admirable service, not simply for his University, but for Yorkshire, his native county. He loses Mr. S. M. J. Woods as well as Mr. McGregor, but otherwise the Cambridge Eleven will consist mainly of the exceptionally fine materials of which it was composed in 1891.

The death took place on April 19 of the Rev. Thomas Pelham Dale, rector of Aswarby-with-Sancton, near Spilsby. He was seventy-one years of age, and was, from 1847 to 1881, rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane. In 1880 he was the subject of much controversy as the most prominent defendant in the Ritualistic trials. In October 1880 Lord Penance issued a writ for the imprisonment of Mr. Dale for contempt of court, and he was incarcerated in Holloway Jail until the end of the following January.

Friedrich von Bodenstedt, the poet, died at Wiesbaden, on April 18. He was born at Peine, in Hanover, in 1819. His best-known work is his "Lieder des Mirza Schaffy," which has been translated into almost every European language.

The Rev. Carey Brock, who a few months ago resigned his official position in Guernsey, is dead. Mr. Brock was appointed



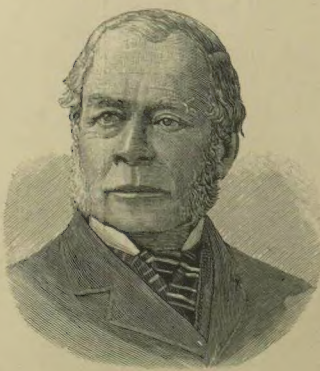
THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Commissioner-General of Guernsey and its dependencies in 1849, rector of St. Pierre-du-Bois in 1850, and Dean of Guernsey in 1869. Mr. Carey Brock is well known in Church circles as the originator and compiler of "The Children's Hymn Book."

Our portrait of the late Colonel Sir James Fraser is from a photograph by G. and R. Lavis, Terminus Road, Eastbourne.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

It may be expected that Sir Frederick Leighton's recent appeal to public opinion in favour of the proposal, approved by her Majesty's Commissioners of Works and by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, to place this stately national monument in a more fitting situation within the cathedral, and to complete its original design by the addition of an equestrian figure on the summit, will not be disregarded. The monument has for many years past been on view, to those who can learn where to find it, in a small recess, formerly used as the Consistory Court of the Diocese of London, adjacent to the south aisle of the nave. It stands 36 ft. high, and the surrounding floor-space is too narrow for a full view of its architectural structure. The late Mr. Alfred Stevens unselfishly spent the chief labour of his life in executing this grand work. It is a very fine composition: beneath a massive broad arch, supported by four white marble Corinthian pillars, lies the bronze recumbent statue of England's greatest soldier, one of England's best citizens and most faithful statesmen, upon a sarcophagus of white marble decked with wreaths and military trophies. In the cornice at one end is a bronze group, representing Fidelity plucking out the tongue of Falsethous; at the other end Valour is thrusting down Cowardice at her feet. If we must have such personifications of the Virtues and Vices, these are most proper accompaniments of the cenotaph of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, whose body, since 1852, has reposed in its actual tomb in the crypt. The intention of Mr. Alfred Stevens and of the cathedral authorities and the Government was that the monument should be erected between the arches of the central nave, where we hope to see it before long.



THE LATE COLONEL SIR JAMES FRASER.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

According to the latest arrangements, the Queen's departure from Hyères, has been fixed for Monday, April 25. From Hyères her Majesty will go to Darmstadt, where she intends to stay a few days, and the return journey via Flushing and Port Victoria will begin on May 2, the Queen arriving at Windsor on the 3rd.

On April 14 the birthday of Princess Beatrice was celebrated at Hyères but, owing to the recent bereavement of the royal family, the celebration was a very quiet one. Her Majesty, however, consented to receive deputations from the Syndicate of the Press of Hyères, and from the municipality and residents of the town, who came to offer their congratulations. A number of floral offerings were sent from all parts of the Riviera by English residents and others.

The Queen, whose health has been much benefited by her stay at Costebelle, has on several occasions expressed her satisfaction at the arrangements made by the authorities and the inhabitants for her comfort, and is said to be so pleased with the place that she intends to pay another visit to Hyères.

Parliament adjourned for the Easter vacation without any inkling as to the date of the dissolution. Mr. Courtney, who is not, perhaps, in the confidence of the Government, has been telling his constituents that the General Election ought to take place in July. Mr. Chaplin has also favoured the country with his view, but, as this is merely a suggestion that the struggle cannot be far off, the information is scarcely explicit. At all events, the House of Commons is enjoying its holiday with the satisfaction of having left public business in a tolerably advanced state. Before the adjournment Mr. Milford had no more serious task than that of answering the acridulated pleasantries of Mr. Timothy Healy.

If the reports from Parnellite sources are to be credited, Mr. Healy is bent on asserting his dominance in the Anti-Parnellite Party. The composition of the new directorate of the *Freeman's Journal* has led to a personal struggle between Mr. Healy and Mr. John Dillon. The details of this are somewhat obscure, but it may have no little significance if it be true that Mr. Dillon meditates retirement from public life. However, as it is the object of the Parnellites to represent their opponents as divided by personal jealousies, this story about Mr. Dillon must be received with caution. Soon after the reassembling of Parliament there will be an opportunity of testing not only the relations between the two Irish parties, but the relations of one or both to the Opposition. Mr. Blane has given notice of a motion which will raise the whole question of an Irish Parliament, and on this it is expected that Mr. Gladstone will make an important declaration of policy.

The Durham coal strike continues without any prospect of a settlement. The result of a ballot to test the feeling of the miners with regard to negotiations for a compromise resulted in a declaration in favour of an aggressive policy by a majority of eight to one. The struggle between the ship-owners and the Seamen's Union grows more severe. The men are resolutely opposed to any reduction of wages, and an attempt to engage sailors in Sunderland at a reduced rate led to a serious outbreak of violence.

The London County Council is having some trouble with the unemployed. There is a constant stream of deputations to Spring Gardens. A number of persons, ostensibly representing the interests of unemployed labourers, had a somewhat unsatisfactory interview with the labour members of the County Council. They demanded that the Council should at once borrow money for the purpose of opening relief works, a proposition which Mr. John Burns seems to have treated with contempt. Though the workman's friend, Mr. Burns is evidently unwilling to lend himself to any wild project which may be embraced by feather-headed deputations.

It was suggested that the London County Council should apply the new beer and spirit duties for the purposes of technical education, but the budget of the Council shows that it has been thought more prudent to devote the money to the relief of the ratepayers. This is a very natural disappointment to educational reformers; but even in the first blush of their victory the Progressives cannot afford to forget that they were noughted by their opponents of a desire to swell the expenditure of the Metropolis. The tactical advantage of levying a comparatively small rate has prevailed over the interests of education. The new rate is a shilling and a halfpenny in the pound, which, as rates go, is a not immoderate impost.

Easter Monday witnessed the usual manoeuvres of our citizen army. The most important operations were carried on near Dover and Chatham. Near Dover an invading force, which had landed at Deal, met with a severe check; and at Chatham the honours of war were liberally bestowed upon the defenders of our hearths and homes. In the main the Volunteers engaged in these manoeuvres displayed a praiseworthy efficiency, so far as such performances can be held to demonstrate any practical qualities whatever. Complaints were made, however, by some of the experts of reckless waste of ammunition and of eccentric choice of range in firing. The most serious defect in our Volunteer system appears to be the scarcity of officers, and this is probably due in great measure to the amiable ways of the War Office, which has given the Volunteers the most frigid encouragement.

A futile correspondence has been started in the *Times* on the subject of "library theft." It is proposed that the proprietors of any paper from which news or original matter is quoted, with or without acknowledgment, shall at once institute an action for piracy. The author of this suggestion forgets that quotation, even when excessive, is the best advertisement. Moreover, there are legal difficulties which would make the game he asks the quoted to play against the quoter scarcely worth the candle. If one paper, for example, "conveys" the telegrams of another, an action for "infringement of copyright" cannot secure any injunction against the borrowing of future telegrams, as there is no copyright in what does not already exist. The principle of give and take among newspapers is so widespread that actions for piracy can have a very limited expediency. Who imagines that the *Times* would dream of proceeding against a penny paper in the north for reproducing articles the source of which is duly acknowledged? Whatever the justice of such an action in strict principle, it would not be worth the bill of costs.

On April 19, the eleventh anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death, his supporters and admirers decorated the statue erected to his memory in Parliament Square. The monument presented a very pretty and effective appearance, the number of floral votive offerings being very large. The most prominent

to death; thirteen other children were seriously injured. The police and several medical gentlemen of Hampstead were promptly at hand, rendering all possible assistance.

The Sultan's firman of investiture of Abbas Pasha as Khedive of Egypt was, after numerous delays and incidents, at last read on April 14 at Cairo. The ceremony, which was not perhaps so gorgeous as used to be the case in former days, was nevertheless an imposing one. There were present when the firman was read the Minister of the Khedive, the Diplomatic body, the high officials, the Ulema, and a number of officers of the British, French, and Italian vessels which were then in Egyptian waters. The Abdin Square was filled with British and Egyptian troops, and the scene is described as a very pretty one. Everybody seemed pleased, with the exception of Mukhtar Pasha, the Sultan's representative at Cairo, who was not invited to the banquet given to the Khedive by the Sultan's envoy, Achmed Eyoub. Mukhtar Pasha is said to have attempted to disturb the cordial relations existing between the Khedive and his Minister, whose dismissal he asked.

The reading of the firman is a success for British diplomacy, which would not allow the Porte to modify the limits of Egyptian territory by excluding from the administration of the Khedive the Sinai peninsula. When it was found by the British diplomatists that the peninsula had been left out of the firman, explanations were asked by Sir E. Baring, with the result that the Sultan sent a telegraphic *Irade* agreeing that the peninsula should continue under Egyptian rule. This *Irade* was read as part of the firman, and the matter was thus brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Eyoub Pasha sailed on April 18 from Alexandria on his return to Constantinople, after having witnessed, if not arranged, a reconciliation between the Khedive and Mukhtar Pasha.

Now that the incident is closed, there is no reason to conceal the fact that at one moment things looked very threatening, especially when Eyoub Pasha, having arrived with the firman, was not allowed to read it until the Sinai peninsula question had been settled in conformity with the wishes of Great Britain. Had the Sultan proved obstinate or yielded to the counsels of certain advisers, awkward complications would have followed, and the peace of Europe would be seriously endangered.

Next to the investiture of Abbas Pasha, the chief topics of interest during the last few days have been the Anarchist movement and the forthcoming May Day demonstrations; and until May 1 has come and gone there will be considerable anxiety in European capitals.

A Cabinet crisis has broken out in Italy, owing to differences which have arisen between the Minister of Finance and the Minister for War, the former insisting on economies to which the latter objected. The Marquis di Rudini has reconstructed his Cabinet with three new Ministers—Signor Cadolini (Finance), General Ricciotti (War), and Signor Genalla (Public Instruction), while Signor Chimirri (Minister of Commerce) takes the Department of Justice.

I may claim a certain amount of credit to myself for having consistently and persistently refused to believe in any danger to the friendly relations of Great Britain and the United States arising out of the Behring Sea fisheries question. A *modus vivendi* has been agreed upon between the two countries, as I anticipated, and there is every reason to hope that between this and the next fishing season the matter will have been definitively adjusted.

The crimes of Ravachol in Paris and the dynamite explosions which have taken place in Madrid, Valencia, Pampluna, Lille, and other places point to a widespread conspiracy, the authors of which will have to be severely dealt with. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that the German Government intends to open negotiations with the European Governments with the object of organising a common action against international Anarchism. Anarchists are not politicians; they are enemies of the human race and criminals of the worst type, to whom no mercy ought to be shown when once their guilt has been established; and it is quite clear that, if international Anarchism declares war against civilisation, civilisation will have to adopt measures for its protection.

From France there is little news to be recorded this week. People are still discussing Ravachol's approaching trial, which it is intended to bring to a conclusion before May 1 in the hope that the famous Anarchist's fate may be sufficient *pour décourager les autres*. That and the weather, which has been wretchedly bad at Easter, are the two subjects which have attracted most attention lately. As the Chambers have adjourned to May 17, there is a lull in politics, although the newspapers are full of the Dabney question, and discussing the advisability of France embarking in an expedition which may prove very costly. On the other hand, for a civilised Power to show indifference, which may be interpreted as weakness by an ignorant African kinglet, is a dangerous thing to do. Such is the dilemma which France has now to face.

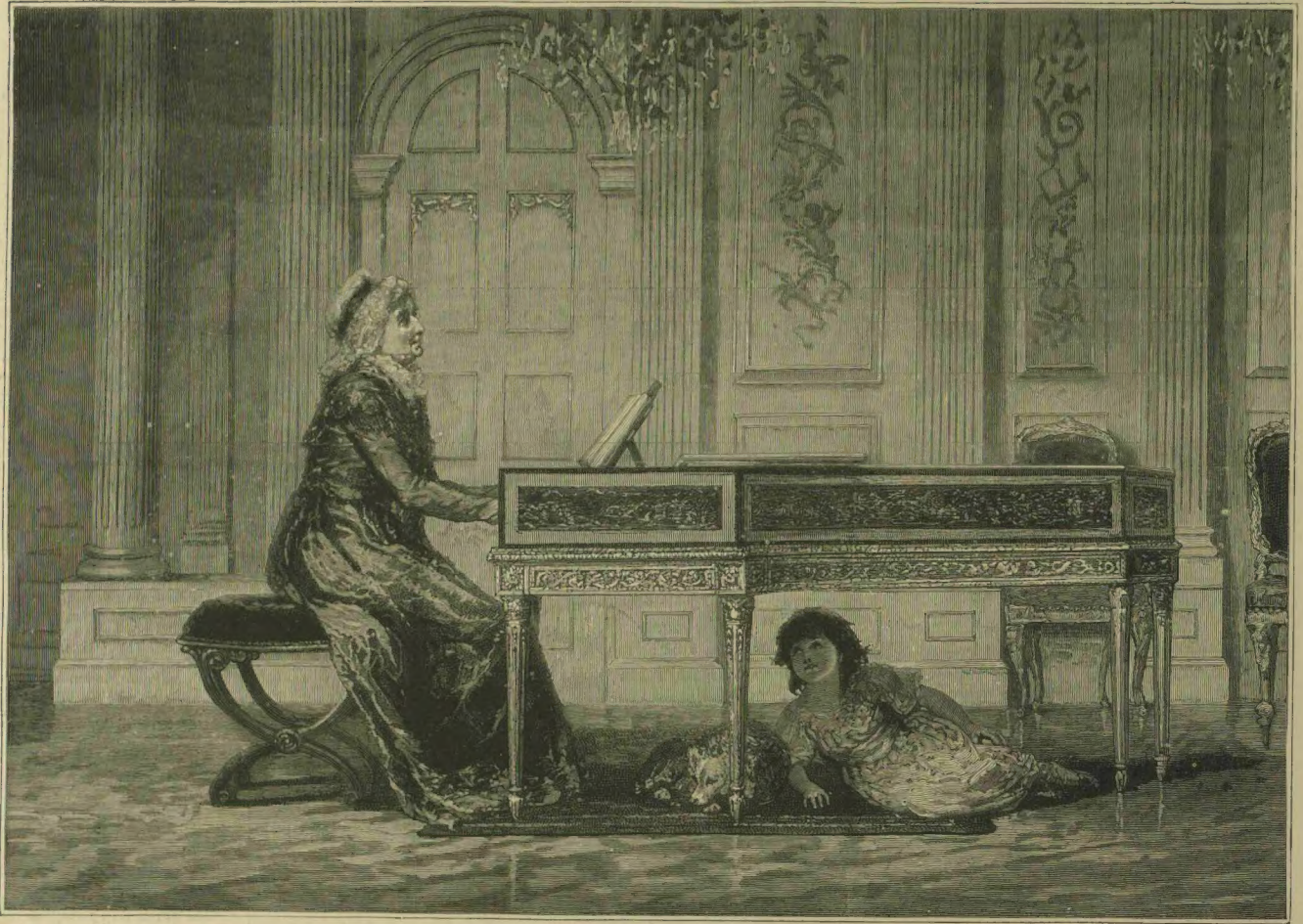
In Berlin it is rumoured that the Czar will pay a visit to the German capital towards the end of May, and that the King and Queen of Italy will arrive there early in June. As there has been a talk lately of a *rapprochement* between Germany and Russia on a commercial basis, the visit of the Russian Emperor would be significant.



STATUE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD, IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.

was one sent from the Primrose Habitation of South Wales, which took the form of a large harp with broken strings. It was mainly composed of primroses, the words "Imperium et Libertas," "Peace with Honour," and the letter *B* being very prettily worked in with violets. The floral tributes on the tomb of Lord Beaconsfield in Hughenden Churchyard were also very numerous, the Queen, as usual, sending two lovely wreaths.

And disaster, on Easter Monday evening, cast gloom over the end of the popular holiday gathering on Hampstead Heath. The railway station of the North London line, in South-End Road, has its descent to the platform by a long and steep double flight of stairs, which on these occasions, and likewise in the season of school-children's treats in July, are dangerously overcrowded. Trains come in and go out, in the evening, at intervals of a few minutes, and there is a wild rush of people eager to reach them for their passage home to Camden Town, Islington, Dalston, or East London. The station-master, the ticket-collector, and a single porter, need special assistance to keep order on the two opposite platforms, but this is not provided, and they always do as well as they can. Hundreds of passengers throng the station at once, and force their way downstairs by the sheer weight of their mass. So it came to pass, shortly after six o'clock, that the little wicket-gate at the bottom, with part of the ticket-collector's box, suddenly gave way under the pressure, and those in front, mostly women and children, were thrown down in a heap, and others flung helplessly upon them. Two middle-aged married women, from Clerkenwell and from Mile-End Road, and six boys and girls, were crushed or stifled



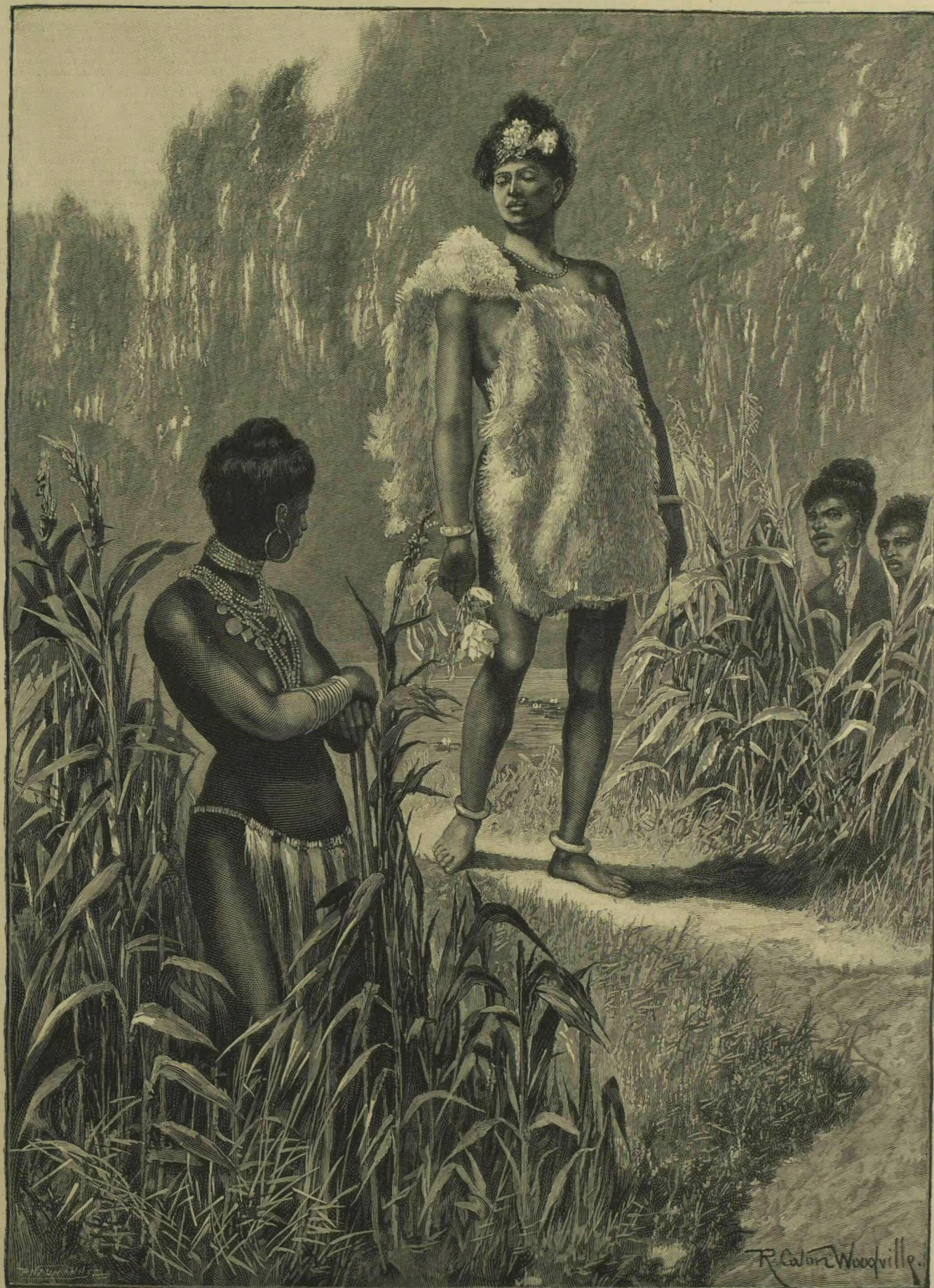
"LITTLE AURORE AND HER GRANDMOTHER."—BY MISS ELLEN G. HILL.

FROM A PICTURE IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

"My grandmother sang with taste and enthusiasm the operas of her youth. I used to listen, sitting under the old harpsichord with 'Brillant,' her favourite dog. I could have passed whole days thus, so much was I fascinated by the quavering voice and the jingling notes."—VIDE GEORGE SAND'S "HISTOIRE DE MA VIE."



"THE SHEPHERDESS."—BY YEEND KING.



They looked up and saw Nada pass, very fair to see, having flowers twined among her hair.

"NADA THE LILY," BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

NADA THE LILY.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WAR OF THE WOMEN.

Now, on the morrow at daybreak, leaving his wolves, Galazi came down from the Ghost Mountain and passed through the gates of the kraal.

In front of my hut he saw Nada the Lily and saluted her, for each remembered the other. Then he came on to the place of assembly and spoke to me.

"So the Star of Death has risen on the People of the Axe, Mopo," he said. "Was it because of her coming that my grey people howled so strangely last night? I cannot tell, but I know this, the star shone first on me this morning, and that is my doom. Well, she is fair enough to be the doom of many, Mopo," and he laughed and passed on, swinging the Watcher. But his words troubled me, though they were foolish; for I could not but remember that wherever the beauty of Nada had pleased the sight of men, there men had been given to death.

Then I went to lead Nada to the place of assembly and found her awaiting me. She was dressed now in some woman's garments that I had brought her; her curling hair fell upon her shoulders; on her wrist and neck and knee were bracelets of ivory, and in her hand she bore a lily bloom that she had gathered as she went to bathe in the river. Perhaps she did this, my father, because she wished her, as elsewhere, to be known as the Lily, and it is the Zulu fashion to name people from some such thing. But who can know a woman's reason, or whether a thing is by chance alone, my father? Also she had begged of me a cape I had; it was cunningly made by Basutus, of the whitest feathers of the ostrich; this she put about her shoulders, and it hung down to her middle. It had been a custom with Nada from childhood not to go about as do other girls, naked except for their girdles, for she would always find some rag or skin to lie upon her breast. Perhaps it was because her skin was fairer than that of other women, or perhaps because she knew that she who hides her beauty often seems the loveliest, or because there was truth in the tale of her white blood and the fashion came to her with the blood. I do not know, my father; at the least she did so.

Now I took Nada by the hand and led her through the morning air to the place of assembly, and ah! she was sweeter than the air and fairer than the dawn.

There were many people in the place of assembly, for it was the day of the monthly meeting of the council of the headmen, and there also were all the women of the kraal, and at their head stood Zinita. Now it had got about that the girl whom the Slaughterer went to seek in the caves of the Halakazi had come to the kraal of the People of the Axe, and all eyes watched for her.

"Wow!" said the men as she passed smiling, looking neither to the right nor to the left, yet seeing all—"Wow! but this flower is fair! Little wonder that the Halakazi died for her!"

The women looked also, but they said nothing of the beauty of Nada; they scarcely seemed to see it.

"That is she for whose sake so many of our people lie unburied," said one.

"Where, then, does she find her fine clothes?" quoth another, "she who came here last night a footsore wanderer?"

"Feathers are not enough for her: look! she must bear flowers also. Surely they are fitter to her hands than the handle of a hoe," said a third.

"Now I think that the chief of the People of the Axe will find one to worship above the axe, and that some will be left mourning," put in a fourth, glancing at Zinita and the other women of the household of the Slaughterer.

Thus they spoke, throwing words like assegais, and Nada heard them all, and knew their meaning, but she never ceased from smiling. Only Zinita said nothing, but stood looking at Nada from beneath her bent brows, while by one hand she held the little daughter of Umslopogaas, her child, and with the other played with the beads about her neck. Presently, we passed her, and Nada, knowing well who this must be, turned her eyes full upon the angry eyes of Zinita, and held them there awhile. Now, what there was in the glance of Nada I cannot say, but I know that Zinita, who feared few things, found something to fear in it. At the least, it was she who turned her head away, and the Lily passed on smiling, and greeted Umslopogaas with a little nod.

"Hail, Nada!" said the Slaughterer. Then he turned to his headmen and spoke: "This is she whom we went to the caves of the Halakazi to seek for Dingaan. O! the story is known now, one told it up at the kraal Umgugundhlovu who shall tell it no more. She prayed me to save her from Dingaan, and so I did, and all would have gone well had it not been for a certain traitor who is done with, for I took another to Dingaan. Look on her now, my friends, and say if I did not well to save her—the Lily flower, such as there is no other in the world, to be the joy of the People of the Axe and a wife to me."

With one accord the headmen answered: "Indeed you did well, Slaughterer," for the glamour of Nada was upon them, and they would cherish her as others had cherished her. Only Galazi the Wolf shook his head. Yet he said nothing, for words do not avail against fate. Now, as I found afterwards, since Zinita, the head wife of Umslopogaas, had learned of what stock he was, she had known that Nada was no sister to him. Yet when she heard him declare that he was about to take the Lily to wife she turned upon him, saying—

"How can this be, Lord?"

"Why do you ask, Zinita?" he answered. "Is it not allowed to a man to take another wife if he will?"

"Surely, Lord," she said; "yet men do not wed their sisters, and I have heard that it was because this Nada was your sister that you saved her from Dingaan, and brought the wrath of Dingaan upon the People of the Axe, the wrath that shall destroy them."

"So I thought then, Zinita," he answered; "now I know otherwise. Nada is daughter to Mopo yonder indeed, but he is no father to me, though he has been named so, nor was the mother of Nada my mother. That is so, Counsellors."

Then Zinita looked at me and muttered, "O fool of a Mouth, not for nothing did I fear evil at your hands."

I heard the words and took no note, and she spoke again to Umslopogaas, saying: "Here is a mystery, O Lord Bulalo. Will it then please you to declare to us who is your father?"

"I have no father," he answered, waxing wroth; "the heavens above are my father. I am born of Blood and Fire, and she, the Lily, is born of Beauty to be my mate. Now, woman, be silent." He thought awhile, and added, "Nay, if you will know, my father was Indabazimbi the Witchfinder, the smellier-out of the king, the son of Arpi." This Umslopogaas said at a hazard, since, having denied me, he must declare a father, and dared not name the Black One who was gone.

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But in after years the saying was taken up in the land, and it was told that Umslopogaas was the son of Indabazimbi the Witchfinder, who had long ago fled the land; nor did he deny it. For when all this game had been played out he would not have it known that he was the son of Chaka, he who no longer sought to be a king, lest he should bring down the wrath of Panda upon him.

When the people heard this they thought that Umslopogaas mocked Zinita, and yet in his anger he spoke truth when he said first that he was born of the "heavens above," for so we Zulus name the king, and so the witch-doctor Indabazimbi named Chaka on the day of the great smelting out. But they did not take it in this sense. They held that he spoke truth when he said that he was born of Indabazimbi the Witch-doctor, who had fled the land, whither I do not know.

Then Nada turned to Zinita and spoke to her in a sweet and gentle voice: "If I am not sister to Bulalo, yet I shall soon be sister to you who are the Chief's Inkosikani, Zinita. Shall that not satisfy you, and will you not greet me kindly and with a kiss of peace, who have come from far to be your sister, Zinita?" and Nada held out her hands towards her, though whether she did this from the heart or because she would put herself in the right before the people I do not know. But Zinita scowled, and jerked at her necklace of beads, breaking the string on which they were threaded, so that the beads rolled upon the black earthen floor this way and that.

"Keep your kisses for our lord, girl," Zinita said roughly. "As the beads are scattered so shall you scatter this People of the Axe."

Now Nada turned away with a little sigh, and the people murmured, for they thought that Zinita had treated her badly. Then she stretched out her hand again, and gave the Lily in it to Umslopogaas, saying—

"Here is a token of our betrothal, Lord, for never a head of cattle have my father and I to send—we who are outcasts; and, indeed, the bridegroom must pay the cattle. May I bring you peace and love, my Lord!"

Umslopogaas took the flower, and looked somewhat foolish with it—he who was wont to carry the axe, and not a flower; and so that talk was ended.

Now, as it chanced, this was that day of the year when, according to ancient custom, the Holder of the Axe must challenge all and sundry to come up against him to fight in single combat for Groan-Maker and the chieftainship of the people. Therefore, when the talk was done, Umslopogaas rose and went through the challenge, not thinking that any would answer him, since for some years none had dared to stand before his might. Yet three men stepped forward, and of these two were captains, and men whom the Slaughterer loved. With all the people, he looked on them astonished.

"How is this?" he said in a low voice to that captain who was nearest and who would do battle with him.

For answer the man looked at the Lily, who stood by. Then Umslopogaas understood that because of the medicine of Nada's beauty all men desired to win her, and, since he who could win the axe would take her also, he must look to fight with many. Well, fight he must or be shamed.

Of the fray there was little to tell, my father. Umslopogaas killed first one man and then the other, and that swiftly, for, growing fearful, the third did not come up against him.

"Ah!" said Galazi, who watched, "what did I tell you, Mopo? The curse begins to work. Death walks ever with that daughter of yours, old man."

"I fear so," I answered, "and yet the maid is fair and good and sweet."

"That will not mend matters," said Galazi.

Now, on that day Umslopogaas took Nada the Lily to wife, and for a while there was peace and quiet. But this evil thing came upon Umslopogaas, that, from the day when he wedded Nada, he hated even to look upon Zinita, and not at her alone, but on all his other wives also. Galazi said it was because Nada had bewitched him, but I know well that the only witcheries she used were the medicine of her eyes, her beauty, and her love. Still, it came to pass that thenceforward, and until she had long been dead, the Slaughterer loved her, and her alone, and that is a strange sickness to come upon a man.

As may be guessed, my father, Zinita and the other women took this ill. They waited awhile, indeed, thinking that it would wear away, then they began to murmur, both to their husband and in the ears of other people, till at length there were two parties in the town, the party of Zinita and the party of Nada.

The party of Zinita was made up of women and of certain men who loved and feared their wives, but that of Nada was the greatest, and it was all of men, with Umslopogaas at the head of them, and from this division came much bitterness abroad, and quarrelling in the huts. Yet neither the Lily nor Umslopogaas heeded it greatly, nor, indeed, anything, so lost and well content were they in each other's love.

Now, on a certain morning, when they had been married three full moons, Nada came from her husband's hut when the sun was already high, and went down through the rock gully to the river to bathe. On the right of the path to the river lay the meale-fields of the chief, and in them laboured Zinita and the other women of Umslopogaas, weeding the meale-plants. They looked up and saw Nada pass, then worked on sullenly. After a while they saw her come again fresh from the bath, very fair to see, and having flowers twined among her hair, and as she walked she sang a song of love. Now Zinita cast down her hoe.

"Is this to be borne, my sisters?" she said.

"No," answered another, "it is not to be borne. What shall we do—shall we fall upon her and kill her now?"

"It would be more just to kill Bulalo, our lord," answered Zinita. "Nada is but a woman, and, after the fashion of us women, takes all that she can gather. But he is a man and a chief, and should know wisdom and justice."

"She has bewitched him with her beauty. Let us kill her," said the other women.

"Nay," answered Zinita, "I will speak with her," and she went and stood in the path along which the Lily walked singing, her arms folded across her breast.

Now Nada saw her, and, ceasing her song, stretched out her hand to welcome her, saying, "Greeting, sister." But Zinita did not take it. "It is not fitting, sister," she said, "that my hand, stained with toil, should defile yours, fresh with the scent of flowers. But I am charged with a message, on my own behalf and the behalf of the other wives of our Lord Bulalo: the weeds grow thick in yonder corn, and we women are few; now that your love days are over, will not you come and help us? If you brought no hoe from your Swazi home, surely we will buy you one."

Now Nada saw what was meant, and the blood poured to her head. Yet she answered calmly—

"I would willingly do this, my sister, though I have never laboured in the fields, for wherever I have dwelt the men have kept me back from all work, save such as the weaving of flowers or the stringing of beads. But there is this against it—Umslopogaas, my husband, charged me that I should not toil with my hands, and I may not disobey my husband."

"Our husband charged you so, Nada? Nay, then it is

strange. See, now, I am his head wife, his Inkosikani—it was I who taught him how to win the axe. Yet he has laid no command on me that I should not labour in his fields after the fashion of women, I who have borne him children; nor, indeed, has he laid such a command upon any of our sisters, his other wives. Can it then be that Bulalo loves you better than us, Nada?"

Now the Lily was in a trap, and she knew it. So she grew bold.

"One must be most loved, Zinita," she said, "as one must be most fair. You have had your hour, leave me mine; perhaps it will be short. Moreover this: Umslopogaas and I loved each other much long years before you or any of his wives saw him, and we love each other to the end. There is no more to say."

"Nay, Nada, there is still something to say; there is this to say: Choose one of two things. Go and leave us to be happy with our lord, or stay and bring death on all."

Now Nada thought awhile, and answered: "Did I believe that my love would bring death on him I love, it might well chance that I would go and leave him, though to do so would be to die. But, Zinita, I do not believe it. Death chiefly loves the weak, and if he falls it will be on the Flower, not on the Slayer of Men," and she slipped past Zinita and went on, singing no more.

Zinita watched her till she was over the ridge, and her face grew evil as she watched. Then she returned to the women.

"The Lily flouts us all, my sisters," she said. "Now listen: my counsel is that we declare a feast of women to be held at the new moon in a secret place far away. All the women and the children shall come to it except Nada, who will not leave her lover, and if there be any man whom a woman loves, perhaps, my sisters, that man would do well to go on a journey about the time of the new moon, for evil things may happen at the town of the People of the Axe while we are away celebrating our feast."

"What, then, shall befall, my sister?" asked one.

"Nay, how can I tell?" she answered. "I only know that we are minded to be rid of Nada, and thus to be avenged on a man who has scorned our love—ay, and on those men who follow after the beauty of Nada. Is it not so, my sisters?"

"It is so," they answered.

"Then be silent on the matter, and let us give out our feast."

Now, Nada told Umslopogaas of those words which she had banded with Zinita, and the Slaughterer was troubled. Yet, because of his foolishness and of the medicine of Nada's eyes, he would not turn from his way, and was ever at her side, thinking of little else except of her. Thus, when Zinita came to him, and asked leave to declare a feast of women that should be held far away, he consented, and gladly, for, above all things, he desired to be free from Zinita and her angry looks for a while; nor did he suspect a plot. Only he told her that Nada should not go to the feast; and in a breath both Zinita and Nada answered that his word was their will, as indeed it was, in this matter.

Now I, Mopo, saw the glamour that had fallen upon Umslopogaas, my fosterling, and spoke of it with Galazi, saying that a means must be found to wake him. Then I took Galazi fully into my mind, and told him all that he did not know of Umslopogaas, and that was little. Also, I told him of my plans to bring the Slaughterer to the throne, and of what I had done to that end, and of what I proposed to do, and that was to go in person on a journey to certain of the great chiefs and win them over.

Galazi listened, and said that it was well or ill, as the chance might be. For his part, he believed that the daughter would pull down faster than I, the father, could build up, and he pointed to Nada, who walked past us, following Umslopogaas.

Yet I determined to go, and that was on the day before Zinita won leave to celebrate the feast of women. So I sought Umslopogaas and told him, and he listened indifferently, for he would be going after Nada, and wearied of my talk of policy. I bade him farewell and left him; to Nada also I bade farewell. She kissed me, yet the name of her husband was mingled with her good-bye.

"Now madness has come upon these two," I said to myself. "Well, it will wear off, they will be changed before I come again."

I guessed little, my father, how changed they would be.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ZINITA COMES TO THE KING.

Dingaan the king sat upon a day in the kraal Umgugundhlovu, waiting till his impis should return from the Income, that is now named the Blood River. He had sent them thither to destroy the laager of the Boers, and thence, as he thought, they should presently return with victory. Idly he sat in the kraal, watching the vultures wheel above the Hill of Slaughter, and round him stood a regiment.

"My birds are hungry," he said to a counsellor.

"Doubtless there shall soon be meat to feed them, O King!" the counsellor answered.

As he spoke one came near, saying that a woman sought leave to speak to the king upon some great matter.

"Let her come," he answered; "I am sick for tidings, perhaps she can tell of the impi."

Presently the woman was led in. She was tall and fair, and she held two children by the hand.

"What is thine errand?" asked Dingaan.

"Justice, O King," she answered.

"Ask for blood, it shall be easier to find."

"I ask blood, O King."

"The blood of whom?"

"The blood of Bulalo the Slaughterer, Chief of the People of the Axe, the blood of Nada the Lily, and of all those who cling to her."

Now Dingaan sprung up and swore an oath by the head of the Black One who was gone.

"What?" he cried, "does the Lily, then, live as the captain thought?"

"She lives, O King. She is wife to the Slaughterer, and because of her witchcraft he has put me, his first wife, away against all law and honour. Therefore I ask vengeance on the witch and vengeance also on him who was my husband."

"Thou art a good wife," said the king. "May my watching spirit save me from such a one. Hearken! I would gladly grant thy desire, for I, too, hate this Slaughterer, and I, too, would crush this Lily. Yet, woman, thou comest in a bad hour. Here I have but one regiment, and I think that the Slaughterer may take some killing. Wait till my impis return from wiping out the white Anabona, and it shall be as thou dost desire. Whose are those children?"

"They are my children and the children of Bulalo, who was my husband."

"The children of him whom thou wouldst cause to be slain."

"Yea, King."

"Surely, woman, thou art as good a mother as wife!" said Dingaan. "Now I have spoken—begone!"

But the heart of Zinita was hungry for vengeance, vengeance swift and terrible, on the Lily, who lay in her place, and

on her husband, who had thrust her aside for the Lily's sake. She did not desire to wait—no, not even for an hour.

"Hearken, O King!" she cried, "the tale is not yet all told. This man, Bulalio, plots against thy throne with Mopo, son of Makedama, who was thy counsellor."

"He plots against my throne, woman? The lizard plots against the cliff on which it sits itself? Then let him plot; and as for Mopo, I will catch him yet!"

"Yes, O King! but that is not all the tale. This man has another name—he is named Umslopogaa, son of Mopo. But he is no son of Mopo: he is son to the Black One who is dead, the mighty king who was thy brother, by Baleka, sister to Mopo. Yes, I know it from the lips of Mopo. I know all the tale. He is heir to thy throne by blood, O King, and thou sittest in his place."

For a little while Dingaan sat astounded. Then he commanded Zinitha to draw near and tell him that tale.

Now, behind the stool on which he sat stood two counsellors only, nobles whom Dingaan loved, and these alone had heard the last words of Zinitha. He bade these nobles stand in front of him, out of earshot and away from every other man. Then Zinitha drew near, and told Dingaan the tale of the birth of Umslopogaa and all that followed, and, by many a token and many a deed of Chaka's that he remembered, Dingaan the king knew that it was a true story.

When at length she had done, he summoned the captain of the regiment that stood around: he was a great man named Faku, and he also summoned certain men who do the king's bidding. To the captain of the impi he spoke sharply, saying—

"Take three companies and guides, and come by night to the town of the People of the Axe, that is by Ghost Mountain, and burn it, and slay all the wizards who sleep therein. Most of all, slay the chief of the people, who is named Bulalio the Slaughtercor or Umslopogaa. Kill him by torture if you may, but kill him and bring his head to me. Take that wife of his, who is known as Nada the Lily, alive if ye can, and bring her to me, for I would cause her to be slain here. Bring the cattle also. Now go, and go swiftly, this hour. If ye return, having failed in one jot of my command, ye die, every one of you—ye die, and slowly. Begone!"

The captain saluted, and, running to his regiment, issued a command. Three full companies leapt forward at his word, and ran after him through the gates of the kraal Umgugundhlovu, heading for the Ghost Mountain.

Then Dingaan called to those who do the king's bidding, and, pointing to the two nobles, his counsellors, who had heard the words of Zinitha, commanded that they should be killed.

The nobles heard, and, having saluted the king, covered their faces, knowing that they must die because they had learned too much. So they were killed. Now, it was one of these counsellors who had said that doubtless meat would soon be found to feed the king's birds.

Then the king commanded those who do his bidding that they should take the children of Zinitha and make away with them.

But when Zinitha heard this she cried aloud, for she loved her children. Then Dingaan mocked her.

"What?" he said, "art thou a fool as well as wicked? Thou sayest that thy husband, whom thou hast given to death, is born of one who is dead, and is heir to my throne. Thou sayest also that these children are born of him; therefore, when he is dead, they will be heirs to my throne. Am I then mad that I should suffer them to live? Woman, thou hast fallen into thine own trap. Take them away."

Now Zinitha tasted of the cup which she had brewed for other lips, and grew distraught in her misery, and wrung her hands, crying that she repented her of the evil and would warn Umslopogaa and the Lily of that which awaited them. And she turned to run towards the gates. But the king laughed and nodded, and they brought her back, and presently she was dead also.

Thus, then, my father, prospered the wickedness of Zinitha, the head wife of Umslopogaa, my fosterling.

Now, these were the last slayings that were wrought at the kraal Umgugundhlovu, for just as Dingaan had made an end of them and once more grew weary, he lifted his eyes and saw the hillside black with men, who by their dress were of his own impi—men whom he had sent out against the Boers.

And yet where was the proud array, where the plumes and shields, where the song of victory? Here, indeed, were soldiers, but they walked in groups like women and hung their heads like children.

Then he learned the truth. The impi had been defeated by the banks of the Income; thousands had perished at the larder, mowed down by the guns of the Boers, thousands more had been drowned in the Income, till the waters were red and the bodies of the slain pushed each other under, and those who still lived walked upon them.

Dingaan heard, and was seized with fear, for it was said that the Amabona followed fast on the track of the conquered.

That day he fled to the bush on the Black Umfolozi river, and that night the sky was crimson with the burning of the kraal Umgugundhlovu, where the Elephant should trumpet no more, and the vultures were scared from the Hill of Slaughter by the roaring of the flames.

Galazi sat on the lap of the Stone Witch, gazing towards the wide plains below, that were yet white with the moon, though the night grew towards the morning. Greynout whined at his side, and Deathgrip thrust his muzzle into his hand; but Galazi took no heed, for he was brooding on the fall of Umslopogaa from the man that he had been to the level of a woman's slave, and on the breaking up of the People of the Axe, because of the coming of Nada. For all the women and children were gone to this feast of women, and would not return for long, and it seemed to Galazi that many of the men had slipped away also, as though they had smelt some danger from afar.

"Ah, Deathgrip," said Galazi aloud to the wild brute at his side, "changed is the Wolf King my brother, all changed because of a woman's kiss. Now he hunts no more, no more shall Groun-Maker be aloft; it is a woman's kiss he craves, not the touch of your rough tongue; it is a woman's hand he holds, not the smooth haft of horn—he, who of all men, was the fiercest and the first; for this last shame has overtaken him. Surely Chaka was a great king though an evil, and he showed his greatness when he forbade marriage to the warriors, marriage that makes the heart soft and turns blood to water."

Now Galazi ceased, and gazed idly towards the kraal of the People of the Axe, and as he looked his eyes caught a gleam of light that seemed to travel in and out of the edge of the shadow of Ghost Mountain as a woman's needle travels through a skin, now seen and now lost in the skin.

He started and watched. Ah! there the light came out from the shadow. Now, by Chaka's head, it was the light of spears!

One moment more Galazi watched. It was a little impi, perhaps they numbered two hundred men, running silently, but not to battle, for they wore no plumes. Yet they went

out to kill, for they ran in companies, and each man carried assegais and a shield.

Now, Galazi had heard tell of such impiis that hunt by night, and he knew well that these were the king's dogs, and their game was men, a big kraal of sleeping men, otherwise there had been fewer dogs. Is a whole pack sent out to catch an antelope on its form? Galazi wondered whom they sought. Ah! now they turned to the ford, and he knew. It was his brother Umslopogaa and Nada the Lily and the People of the Axe. These were the king's dogs, and Zinitha had let them slip. For this reason she had called a feast of women, and taken the children with her; for this reason so many had been summoned from the kraal by one means and the other: it was that they might escape the slaughter.

Galazi bounded to his feet. For one moment he thought. Might not these hunters be hunted? Could he not destroy them by the jaws of the wolves as once before they had destroyed a certain impi of the king's. Ay, if he had seen them but one hour before, then scarcely a man of them should have lived to reach the stream, for he would have waylaid them with his wolves. But now it might not be; the soldiers neared the ford, and Galazi knew well that his grey people would not hunt on the further plain, though for this he had heard one reason only, that which was given him by the lips of the dead in a dream.

What, then, might be done? One thing alone: warn Umslopogaa. Yet how? For him who could swim a rushing river, there was, indeed, a swifter way to the place of the People of the Axe—a way that was to the path of the impi as is the bow-string to the strung bow. And yet they had travelled wellnigh half the length of the bow. Still, he might do it, he whose feet were the swiftest in the land, except those of Umslopogaa. At the least, he would try. Mayhap, the impi would tarry to drink at the ford.

So Galazi thought in his heart, and his thought was swift as the light. Then with a bound he was away down the mountain side. From boulder to boulder he leapt like a buck, he crashed through the brake like a bull, he skimmed the level like a swallow. The mountain was done with now; there in the front lay the yellow river foaming in its flood, so he had swum it before. Ah! a good leap far out into the torrent; and that was strong, but he breasted it. He was through, he stood upon the bank shaking the water from him like a dog, and now he was away up the narrow gorge of stone to the long slope, running low as his wolves ran.

Before him was the town—one side shone silver with the sinking moon, one was grey with the breaking dawn. Ah! they were there, he saw them moving through the grass by the eastern gate; he saw the long lines of slayers creep to the left and the right.

How could he pass them before the circle of death was drawn? Six spear-throws to run, and they had but such a little way! The mealie-plants were tall, and at a spot they almost touched the fence. Up the path! Could Umslopogaa, his brother, move more fast, he wondered, than the Wolf who sped to save him? He was there, hidden by the mealie stalks, and there, along the fence to the right and to the left, the slayers crept!

"Woo! What was that?" said one soldier of the king to another man as they joined their guard completing the death circle. "Woo! something great and black crashed through the fence before me."

"I heard it, brother," answered the other man. "I heard it, but I saw nothing. It must have been a dog: no man could leap so high."

"More like a wolf," said the first; "at the least, let us pray that it was not an *Esedowan** who will put us into the hole in its back. Is your fire ready, brother? Woo! these wizards shall wake warm; the signal should be soon."

Then arose the sound of a great voice crying, "Awake, ye sleepers, the foe is at your gates!"

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Most of my readers, I doubt not, are familiar with the big double-cocoanut of the Seychelles, scientifically known as the *Lodoicea Seychellarum*. This big fruit is often seen in a dried



GERMINATING FRUIT OF THE DOUBLE-COCOANUT.

state as imported, but it has hitherto been unknown for the plant to grow from its seed in this country. At the present time, however, this plant-rarity is to be seen in the Royal Gardens at Kew; and Mr. Allen, the botanical artist, has favoured me with a very admirable sketch of the plant as it appears in its English home. In the sketch, which has been here reproduced, we see the nut or seed itself, which throws out what botanists call a long shoot or cotyledonary process. The cotyledons, I may remark, are the "seed-leaves" of plants,

*A fabulous animal, reported by the Zulus to carry off human beings in a hole in its back.

which we see in ordinary plants appearing first above the surface of the ground during the process of growth. The cotyledons of a pea or bean are the two fleshy halves of the seed, between which we find the young plant enclosed. The Seychelles cocoanut, being a palm, belongs to the great order of plants possessing one cotyledon only, and the long process we see, extending from the nut to the young plant in the pot, is evidently the channel through which the nourishing matter of the nut or seed is conveyed to the palm to afford material for its growth. Mr. Allen tells us that the nut itself is a foot in length. Some months ago the young plant attained its present size (about four feet high), but it is still feeding on the substance of the seed. I may add that this unique growth may be seen in the Victoria Regia House at Kew Gardens, on one side of the big tank, and may therefore be readily "interviewed" by those interested in botanical curiosities.

May I call the attention of my readers to the means which are now afforded for the easy and pleasant acquirement of scientific knowledge in holiday times through the institution of summer courses of lectures at Oxford and Edinburgh? From July 30 to Aug. 26 I learn that at Oxford there will be conducted by various teachers a special biological course for beginners. Lectures on botany and zoology will be given, accompanied by practical instruction. The fee, which includes admission to other parts of the summer meeting, is five pounds, and application for tickets is to be made to the Secretary, University Extension Office, Oxford, before June 10. The Edinburgh Summer Meeting, conducted, as before, by my friends Professor P. Geddes and Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, with the assistance of several able colleagues, includes instruction in education, social science, and natural science. These vacation courses extend from Aug. 1 to 31, and full particulars may be had from Mr. Thomson, University Hall, Edinburgh. The British Association, I may also remind my readers, meets in Edinburgh at the beginning of August.

It is an old story that of the extermination of animals and plants by man, but much good has been accomplished in the way of saving many species from absolute destruction by the persistence with which naturalists have drawn attention to the thoughtlessness, greed, and other motives responsible for the extinction of living forms. Of old the Rhynchos, or sea-cow, allied to the manatee, was killed off by Behring's sailors; the dodo, a big bird, was similarly exterminated on the island of Mauritius; the solitaire, another large bird, was also sent out of existence; and the black list might be enlarged considerably if one began to enumerate the dangers which await the fur seal and other animals. I note with pleasure, therefore, that a very interesting bird, the Great Skua, seems to have taken a new lease of life and prosperity since 1890, at the close of which season its prospects of survival, owing to persistent persecution, were anything but bright. In Shetland, it seems, the birds are beginning to reappear again in numbers. Some 120 skuas have been noted as resorting to Foula for breeding purposes, and of this number Mr. W. E. Clarke says that two thirds may be reckoned as parental birds. This result, it is added, is due to the prominence given to the complaint that the skuas was in danger of extermination, and it is satisfactory to find the protest has not been made in vain.

Of many plants, the same remarks hold good. I have often wondered whether the primrose will long survive the demands made upon its race for political purposes. If it does, we may thank the hardy and widespread nature of the flower as the means whereby it has been enabled to resist the wholesale decimation to which it has been subjected. People are not at all particular whether the plants are injured or not, so long as they get the blossoms; and the absence of blossoms means in time, of course, the absence of seedlings where with the race may be perpetuated. It would seem that in certain localities abroad there is going on a wholesale decimation of many plants, among them the wild daffodil. Regarding one district of the Basses Pyrénées, I observe it is stated that not a single plant of this species is now to be met with. Once upon a time, the daffodil was abundant there, but it seems that a demand arose on the part of an English resident for roots, and so the supply was forthcoming, with the inevitable result. I do not think people ever imagine that the resources of nature are not inexhaustible, otherwise we should not find them wilfully ignorant of the utter spoliation of some of the prettiest features of this and other countries. Thoughtlessness, and not intent, lies at the root of this evil, which every lover of nature cannot but deplore. The slaughter of humming-birds for the decoration of ladies' hats has ceased; and in the same way, while no one wishes to preserve plants inviolate, it may be hoped that the wholesale rooting up of many species to gratify a passing craze may be stopped by the influence of educated public opinion.

Last year, in these columns, I made some observations on golf versus cricket and lawn-tennis in relation to the greater suitability of these latter games for young people. My protest against boys and girls trundling lazily along after their elders over golf links, brought down upon my head a perfect Niagara of criticism, fair and unfair alike. I am pleased to say I have escaped any serious consequences from the metaphorical shower-bath, and I am reminded of the circumstance by the receipt of a letter from a parent, who desires that my protest should be renewed at the commencement of another golfing season. My correspondent little knows to what he commits me, but I have no objection again to state that in my humble opinion, for growing lads and lasses respectively, cricket and lawn-tennis are infinitely preferable games, as forms of healthy exercise, to golf. In saying this much, I am not decrying the "royal game." I am merely placing it on its merits as a form of exercise adapted for youths, in comparison with what I certainly consider to be more advantageous sports viewed from the physical culture standpoint. The abuse and criticism of last year may be repeated, of course, and for that contingency I am prepared, awaiting the receipt of the golfing journals with a complacency born of faith in the reasonableness of my contention. The decline of cricket is, I hope, only a temporary phase in popular sport. I sincerely trust, when the golf mania has had its day, cricket and lawn-tennis will be revived in all their pristine vigour, as games compared with which (as exercises for young folks) golf is not to be mentioned in the same breath.

Canadian Dominion official statistics report the total number of Indians to be 121,638, of whom 33,202 are in British Columbia, and 23,195 in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. They own land and houses, grow corn, and keep cattle, and send their children to school. The trust fund for their benefit is over £700,000, and Parliament voted a grant of £186,442 last year.



FETCHING WOOD FROM IMPERIAL FORESTS TO PROVIDE THE POOR WITH FUEL.



STARVING VILLAGERS IN A STABLE ON THEIR WAY TO GET RELIEF.
THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



'Ellan Vannin,' or the Isle of Man, has a singular position amid the breezy sea between England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Belonging to neither, it is, like Jersey and Guernsey, those relics of the ancient Norman Duchy, a dependency of the United Kingdom, with a separate form of Home Rule government. This island boldly rises to view in the steam-boat voyage from Liverpool to Glasgow or to Belfast, lifting its mountain heights two thousand feet above the sea. It is the home of an indigenous Celtic "little nation," mingled

navian conqueror of the Orkneys and Hebrides, of Sodor and Man, after their first conquest by the Norwegian hero, Harald Haarfager; the political institutions founded by him, the Tynwald, the Six Sheadings, and the House of Keys, have stood fast to this day. The warlike exploits also of Magnus Barefoot, who, having subdued Galloway and Anglesey, sent his shoes, with an imperious summons, to the Irish King Murtagh O'Brien, and thereupon invaded Ulster, but fell in battle near Downpatrick, would afford a stirring theme. But the stern Vikings and their followers in Manxland were a foreign aristocracy. The folklore of the Celtic population, whose language, still on the tongue of the peasantry, bears near affinity with the Erse and Gaelic, is plaintive, weird, suffused with emotions of awe, wonder, and pity—not gallant and

has seemed possible that Mr. Hall Caine would do for his native island what Scott achieved for the illustration of the grander and more various landscapes, the longer and more renowned series of chronicles and popular legends, the more important reigning sovereigns, the civil and religious vicissitudes, of the old North British kingdom. Materials of poetry and romance are not wanting in the Isle of Man; its local traditions are little appreciated, only "quia carent vate sacro." An epic might be composed, for instance, on the advent of King Orry, or Gorry, the second mighty Scandi-



OLD SUN DIAL, CASTLETOWN.

Ireland, or the south-west peninsula of Scotland, or Cumberland and Westmorland, all within sight on clear days. Snaefell, North and South Barrule, and five or six other mountains, whose strange Celtic names we omit, are from 1000 ft. to 2000 ft. high, commanding noble views of land and sea; but are not remarkable in shape. The inland glens and valleys, where they are wooded, invite the tourist to many a delightful ramble; Glen Meay and Glen Helen, near Peel, on the



LOW TIDE, DOUGLAS.

with a race of hardy Norsemen, who from the ninth to the thirteenth century maintained their conquest, owing no allegiance to either the English or the Scottish Crown. It is a small country possessing the interest of historical romance, as well as that of unique geographical situation, in a degree needing only the application of sound antiquarian study, with an imagination like that of Sir Walter Scott, to be made the topic of works of literary genius. To many readers of "The Deemster" and of the Manx portion of "The Bondman" it

heroic. Manx lyrics have a sorrowful tone, and omens of disaster abound in the quaint fancies of traditional superstition.

With regard to the picturesque, we cannot truthfully aver that the scenery of the island bears comparison with that of its neighbours, either North Wales, or the north east coast of



PORT ERIN.

western side of the island, and Glen Meay, with the Sulby River, north of Snaefell, may be specially commended. On the east coast there is the beautiful bay of Douglas; the cliffs of Port Soderick are curious, though not sublime; and the road from Laxey to Ramsey, passing along the elevated plain of Maughold, presents one of the fairest open landscapes that the eye can enjoy. Peel Harbour, when the fleet of herring-fishers goes out or comes in, is a sight for a painter to depict with his best skill. Here, too, at Peel, the little rocky islet, with its ruins of St. Patrick's Church, St. German's Cathedral,



PEEL CASTLE.



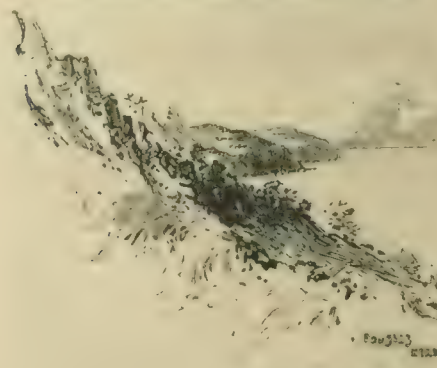
ENTRANCE TO PEEL CASTLE.

and the castle built three or four hundred years ago by the Earls of Derby, is both picturesque and romantic in aspect. But the south-west part of Manxland, included in "the Sheading of Rushen," exhibits a greater approach to sublimity; Brada Head, and the cliffs along Fleshwick Bay to "Cronk-na-irey-Lha"—well remembered for the lonely penance of Dan Mylrea in "The Deemster"—are really fine, while to the south, at Port Erin, lies a charmingly pretty recess of the coast, a village which for sea-bathing visitors, if they find sufficient accommodation, should rival the best places in Cornwall. The islet called the Calf of Man, when accessible, is worth an excursion for the extent and variety of prospects that may be obtained from the circuit of its cliffs; directly opposite is Spanish Head, with the terrible rocks that wrecked some ships of the Armada, gone astray in this middle British sea. The famous breed of tail-less cats is believed to have been imported from Barbary on board one of the Spanish ships; it is not indigenous to the Isle of Man.

Our space will not allow description of the two principal towns—Douglas, which has become a very agreeable place of seaside residence and resort for health and pleasure, where you may see England beyond the sea, as you see France at Dover; and Castletown, the official capital, as it was in feudal times, under the vicereignty of the Lords Derby, but for some time actually ruled by the Bishops, as deputies of the reigning family. Castle Rushen, the fortress and palace, now a prison,

bequest from the last Norwegian King Magnus, defeating the brothers Ivar and Harald, leaders of a band of native insurgents. A kick for England, a kick for Ireland, a kick for Wales, whose princes were then still independent; with these symbols, and with the gallant motto "Quocunque jeceris, stabit," Alexander proclaimed the stability of his new insular possession. He appointed Celtic governors acceptable to the common people; but on his death, in 1285, by a fall

Norse kings, was allowed to take it, with the title of king; his son presently sold it to a Scroop, Earl of Wiltshire, but it was confiscated and granted to Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and in 1407 was bestowed on Sir John Stanley, ancestor of the Earls of Derby. The Lordship of Man, no longer accompanied



DOUGLAS HEAD.

which was the abode of the Governors of Manxland, bears witness to five or six centuries of eventful island history, and its keep must have been a notable stronghold. In the ancient chapel is a clock given by Queen Elizabeth, who never was there; and the bell in the tower above and a sun-dial in the courtyard were gifts recorded in the annals of "the Little Manx Nation." Their small country is "a right little, tight little island," deserving particular affection, and their patriotism is much to be admired. Its proverbial oddities and curiosities have an interesting origin and significance when its history is

from his horse, the succession in Scotland was disputed; and the Manxmen then placed themselves under the protection of Edward I. The island was, however, in 1313

by the prerogatives or title of royalty, but with ample powers of domestic rule, was held by the Stanleys over three centuries, until, in 1735, it devolved by marriage to James Murray, second Duke of Athol, whose successors have surrendered it for nearly half a million sterling to the Crown of Great Britain. Its laws



KING ORRY'S GRAVE.

known. Look at a Manx halfpenny; laugh, if you please, at the three legs in knightly armour, joined at the thighs, kicking their spurred boots in opposite directions. But this was the heraldic device invented by King Alexander III. of Scotland, in 1270, when he claimed and won the island by legal



RUNIC CROSSES, BRADDAN.

reconquered by Robert Bruce, and repeatedly changed masters in the fourteenth century. A Sir William Montacute, the first Earl of Salisbury, claiming descent from the old



IN GLEN HELEN.

are still enacted at Castletown by the old "House of Keys," twenty-four deputies elected for life; are proclaimed on the Tynwald Hill, and are administered by the Lieutenant-Governor, with his Council, and by the two judges called Deemsters. Here is an insular history quite worthy of respect.

LITERATURE.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Buchanan Ballads. Poems for the People. By Robert Buchanan. (London: John Haddon and Co.)—It is known that Mr. Robert Buchanan has been the collaborator of Mr. George R. Sims in melodrama, and his competitor as dramatist and novelist. And now, even as the latter has given to the enraptured world his "Dagonet Ballads," so has the former followed suit with a popular shilling's-worth of poetry. But in some respects we must hold that the bard Robert falls behind the poet George. To begin with, Mr. Sims scores a great advantage in having another name for his title-page. "Dagonet Ballads by Sims" or "Sims Ballads by Dagonet" teaches the ignorant something—namely, that Dagonet is Sims and Sims is Dagonet. Then they may be led on to read the *Reference*, and they discover that Dagonet (or rather Sims) possesses a liver which is not all what that organ should be; and they are therefore able to make allowances. Whereas "Buchanan Ballads by Buchanan" has something of redundancy—"Maidland Ballads," perhaps, were better—and when Buchanan addresses a Buchanan Ballad to Buchanan by name, the classical memory will suggest the familiar line—*νόστος πόνο πόνον φέρει*. Besides, the repetition looks as though Mr. Robert Buchanan were obtruding his personality on the public, which he never does. Again, Mr. Sims, though his literary eminence may be matter of debate, is unquestionably the first tradesman of letters in the kingdom. If he wants "poems for the people," we know that, though they may not be poems, they will be popular—they will go as far as the British public may appreciate, and no farther. Whereas Mr. Robert Buchanan, though he affects to write for the people, has really written far more for his own delectation, and has deliberately flown in the face of the bulk of the British public in more than one piece of the present book. There is a curious mixture of all sorts and sizes in the small volume: the good old hearty recital piece, like "Phil Blood's Leap" and "The Wake of O'Hara"—I just came across it in the 1869 volume of *All the Year Round*—along with verses setting forth the virtues of the Salvation Army or satirising Professor Huxley. There are remarks and allusions which would bring a blush to the cheek of any young person of the great house of Podsnap; and there is even a monody on the "murdered" Parnell, supposed to be spoken by one of his adherents, which, even allowing that person all the merits claimed by his blindest adorers, is somewhat extravagant. And, in fact, all through the course of this volume Mr. Robert Buchanan lets his wide sympathies run away with him. It is right to feel pity for those who do wrong and suffer misfortune; but, after all, there is such a thing as a distinction between right and wrong, and it is not given to every man to love the offender and hate the offence. The inspiration of most poets is limited in power and heat. Narrow it down to one issue, and you may have the burning jet of passion or indignation. Expand the area of sympathy unduly, and you shall have your geyser become a broad lake of lukewarm dishwater—ineffectual to gods and men.

This is the danger of Mr. Robert Buchanan—he spreads himself too much, and wastes fervent appeals on impossible ends. Wherefore, in his Jubilee Ode, adjure the Queen to grant Home Rule, reclaim the female outcast, abolish capital punishment, and abstain from "little wars"? He knows perfectly well that the Queen could personally do very little towards these ends, and that little would rather hinder than advance the cause which she favoured. It all sounds very well, but it is nothing but sound. Again, even in the character of a follower of Parnell, he is somewhat too gushing over the colder Catiline whom he calls Cæsar. For, though it is not unreasonable to affirm that the Seventh Commandment does not outweigh the other nine—though it may be plausibly contended that a statesman to whom so much had been pardoned was unfairly proscribed for the adventure of the fire-escape, yet that particularly sordid and repulsive episode did not of itself entitle the "uncrowned king" to be regarded as a saint and hero. And so with what one may call Mr. Buchanan's cult of the Magdalen, Judas Iscariot, and other unhappy persons who in past or present have been or are filled with the fruit of their own devices. Pity for such is right, but surely perilous; for one may reject the cant of virtue to fall even lower into the sentimentality which is the cant of vice, the religion of the *pas-de-sidèle* criminal whose mewlings and pukings, spread abroad in many newspapers, make us long for the swift oblivion of the old Teutonic burdle and quagmire. It is strange that one so practised in the tricks of pathos as Mr. Buchanan should be moved to pen a pathetic, if somewhat amorphous, ballad, full of the poignant anguish of italic interpolations, by the remark of some London waiter called "Annie" that she was "a gentleman's daughter once" (why once?). Did Mr. Buchanan or anyone ever hear of a person of "Annie's" class who was not "a gentleman's daughter"? and did he ever try to verify the assertion in any case, and if so, with what result?

The fact is that Mr. Robert Buchanan is too good a writer to pose as the poet of cheap sympathy and sentimentality. He has too much genuine poetic feeling and sense of rhythm and music to write—except very occasionally—for the suburban reciter. For current events and modern philanthropy and popular sentiment there is the Adelphi Theatre and there is the *Daily Telegraph*. In these let him be popular and unashamed, but in lyric verse let art have undivided allegiance.

A. R. R.

A JOURNALIST AT LARGE.

Faces and Places. By H. W. Lucy. (Henry and Co.)—The *Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour* has included a fair number of volumes possessing neither wit nor humour, but this cannot be said of Mr. Lucy's "Faces and Places." Mr. Lucy is a genuine humorist. He is the only journalist who has ever succeeded in getting fun of a really fine quality out of Parliament, and he has done this by virtue of a peculiarly delicate and minute study of personalities which is all his own. What, for instance, could be happier than the single sentence, caviar though it was to the general, which hit off Lord Ashbourne in the days when, as Mr. Gibson, he was blest with a voice equalled by few and excelled by none? "Went into the House of Lords to hear Gibson" was Toby M.P.'s concise record. Nothing could have been neater. In this little volume Mr. Lucy appears as the journalist at large, apt at turning out lively copy from a trip in a balloon where, by-the-way, he made the acquaintance of Colonel Burnaby, which lasted till Burnaby's death; a sketch of the old House of Commons; a picture of the crowd which gathered day after day, week after week, and month after month in Palace Yard to cheer the Claimant; a bit of half comic mountaineering; and an impressionist view of some popular preachers—Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Moody, and Bendigo, the ex-prizefighter. Not all of the sketches are intentionally humorous, for one of them describes a shipwreck, in which, as Mr. Lucy is not a journalistic ghoul, he naturally does not see any fun at all. The best known of these essays, as they appeared in fugitive form, is an admirable little open letter to those about to become journalists. The sensible moral is, first, that you had better not become a journalist at all; and, secondly, that if you do you must work very hard and unremittingly at it. Incidentally, Mr. Lucy relates the interesting fact that during Charles Dickens's brief editorship of the

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There has rarely, I imagine, been a more foolish enterprise than the so-called *Long Quarterly*, which Mr. Elliot Stock has recently issued. Its absurd shape—eleven inches by four—is the smallest objection to it. The story which makes up the entire number, "Until My Lord's Return," by Admiral Hinton, is one of the most preposterous extravagances that I have read for a long time.

Mr. Fisher Unwin may be congratulated upon the developments of his *Pseudonym Library*. It is not often given to a publisher to "discover" one after another a number of really able writers. Yet this Mr. Unwin has assuredly done. The series opened well with "Mademoiselle Ixe," which gave Miss Mary Hawker a well deserved fame, and we have since seen some even more striking stories appear in the same form. Perhaps the best are "John Sherman," by "Ganconagh," and "Some Emotions and a Moral," by "John Oliver Hobbes."

"Some Emotions and a Moral" is said to have been written by a lady, and its perusal makes that fact indisputable. Only a woman could have penned many of the phrases. But the book is very clever—cruel and clever.

Mr. Lowell's "Fable for Critics," a reprint of which has recently been published, possesses a varied interest—critical, historical, and personal. It was not like its prototype, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a boyish outburst, for the satirist was in his nine-and-twentieth year when he unsheathed his rapier, and the apparent recklessness of his play with it was mainly an affair of the rhyming, and masked much surely aimed serious criticism, both general and particular. The "Fable" is written in the best kind of doggerel, which now suggests, now points the wit with which the matter is instinct. If most of its men and women now exist only as flies in amber, the amber is of admirable quality, and in the mass they have at least an historical interest, such as some of Mr. Traill's sixty minor poets may hope to have for the coming generations, if only Mr. Traill will be good enough to supply the requisite amber. Something should be provided for the minor poet who fails to gain admission into the Anthologies—for the minor poet, in both classes, we shall have with us always.

The historical interest of the "Fable" lies mainly in the satirist's exposure of the weaknesses he detected in the American literature of forty or fifty years ago—its lack of nationality; the dependence on English approval; a public opinion which—

Thinks every national author a poor one,
That isn't a copy of something that's foreign.

Mr. Lowell told his countrymen roundly—

Tho' you brag of your New World,
You don't half believe in it.
And as much of the Old as is possible
Weave in it.

Your literature suits its each whiff-per
and nation.
To what will be thought of it over
the ocean.

And now? Its professors are certainly more cosmopolitan, but that is hardly a source of strength to a literature not yet firmly rooted in its own soil—if, indeed, the Republic can be said to have one homogeneous enough for the growth of a national literature. There are promising young plantations in several quarters, each race of its own soil, and that is much. In proportion to the observance of Mr. Lowell's final precept, backed by his own shining example—

Be whatever you will, but yourselves first of all,
the "condescension of foreigners" will disappear. No foreigner ever condescended to Lowell or Hawthorne.

The Dean of Westminster has happily decided that there is not to be a bust of Mr. Lowell in the Abbey. If of Lowell, why not some day of Whittier, and certainly some day of Holmes? Better reading man and woman in England knows his "Autocrat" better than he knows the "Fable for Critics" or the "Biglow Papers." The fact is that Mr. Lowell was so much beloved in England because of his delightful personality that many of his English friends are blinded to the altogether disproportionate place they would give him were his bust to be included in the already overcrowded Abbey. At the same time, the proposal to place a commemorative window in the Chapter House is likely to find favour everywhere.

The crowded state of the Abbey is well indicated by the appearance of the nook in which the bust of Matthew Arnold was recently unveiled. The spot suggests many reflections upon the likenesses and the differences in the three men whose busts are here given. One recalls Arnold's satirical references to Maurice and Kingsley's enthusiasm; one remembers the immense influence each has had in his day and generation, and yet asks what another generation will say to it all. This does not, however, matter very much.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

"Across the Plains," by R. Louis Stevenson. (Chatto and Windus.)

"Letters of Dr. Johnson." Edited by Birkbeck Hill. Two vols. (Clarendon Press.)

"Church Law: Being a Concise Dictionary of Statutes, Canons, Regulations, and Decided Cases Affecting the Clergy and Laity," by Benjamin Whitehead. (Stevens and Sons, 119, Chancery Lane.)

"Memoirs of General Marbot." Two vols. (Longmans.)

"A Member of Tattersall's," by Hawley Smart. (F. V. White and Co.)



THE BUSTS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY, MATTHEW ARNOLD, AND F. D. MAURICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Daily News, which, by-the-way, was far from being a success, he made his father, the original of Wilkins Micawber, leader of the Parliamentary corps, the position which Mr. Lucy now occupies. "The old gentleman," says Mr. Lucy, "of course knew nothing about journalism; was not even capable of shorthand. Provisionally, he was not required to take notes, but generally to overlook things, a position which exactly suited Mr. Micawber. However, he was inducted, and filled the office even for a short time after his son had impetuously vacated the editorial chair. Only the other day there died an original member of the *Daily News* Parliamentary corps who told me he quite well remembered his first respected leader, his grandly vague conception of his duties, and his almost dual manner of not performing them." Another perfectly serious sketch is Mr. Lucy's account, taken from the lips of a white-bearded Welsh miner, of the Merthyr riots of 1831, when more than one pitched battle took place between the soldiers and the miners, in which the soldiers were driven back and men were shot by the score. Mr. Lucy is peculiarly at home in the House of Commons, and there is historical interest in his picture of Mr. Gladstone in the early days of 1874 Parliament, when his resignation of the Liberal leadership was still fresh in men's minds. Mr. Lucy describes Mr. Gladstone as he may be seen sitting any day in 1892, his legs stretched out, his hands packed up his sleeves, and his head thrown back resting on the cushion at the back of the seat, so that the soft light from the illuminated roof shone full upon his upturned face. In those days, however, Mr. Gladstone was thought to be an extinct volcano, and he took little part in debate; "and it was very odd," says the journalist, "to see him sitting there silent in the midst of so much talking." So marked was his aloofness from political life that during the debate on an Irish Bill there was passed from hand to hand a paper on which were written these verses from "In Memoriam"—

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness with an awful sense
Of one mute shadow watching all.

That was seventeen or eighteen years ago, and Mr. Gladstone was then sixty-four or sixty-five years old instead of eighty-two. No one to-day would dream of describing him as a "mute shadow."

H. W. M.



ON THE MALL IN 1600.



IN A BALCONY.



Only five part in an appearance
at the starting point. Jockins, Soaper,
Flatman, Counter and Talbot. The starter (our M.P.H.) pointed out
the winning post. a tall solitary pine tree.



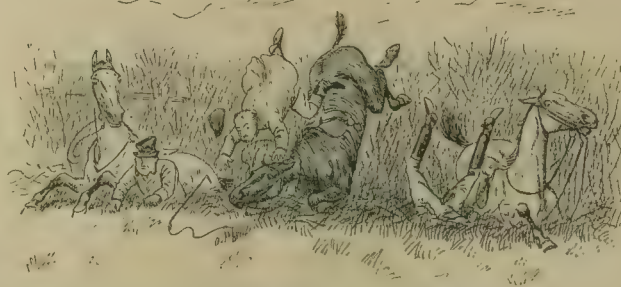
But at the second Soaper's horse
refused and reversed into Counter bringing both to grief.



At the big double Jockins and Flatman
by mutual consent gave Talbot the honour of going first.



At the back a spirit
of great friendliness was displayed.



It looked like anybody's race - where three fields from
home a nasty blind ditch sent them all down.



In the excitement of the scramble which
ensued Jockins caught Talbot's horse. Flatman
collared Jockins and Talbot mounted Flatman.



Consequently the finish
was rather a tame affair.

THE CHUMPSHIRE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACE.

ART NOTES.

The picture sales in Paris, although not on the same scale as those recently held at Christie's, have shown that the Barbizon school still holds the public taste, and that in many cases the prices are still rising. For instance, the "Baigneuse" of J. F. Millet, which in 1886 was bought by M. Saulnier, of Bordeaux, for £1150, was sold recently for £1920; four works by Corot, bought at the same time for less than £600, fetched on this occasion three times that sum. Jacques Diaz, Troyon, all realised large prices; but Ingres' "La Baigneuse," a well-known picture, which formerly belonged to Baron Mourre, only realised £360; while a little but brilliant group, "Décamé," by Détaillé, Meissonier's best pupil, fetched £600. For the moment, also, Barye's bronzes seem to be much sought after by connoisseurs and collectors, while marble statues are left almost wholly to municipalities and other public bodies.

The steady progress of the Art for Schools Association (29, Queen Square, Bloomsbury), to which the report read at the annual meeting bore witness, was fully borne out by subsequent speakers. In schools of all grades, but more especially in elementary schools attended by the poorer classes, the uses of pictures, not only as vehicles of instruction, but also as

incentives to observation, are recognised by all successful teachers. The London School Board has set the example of depending upon the Art for Schools Association for the selection of the pictures it grants on the request of the master or mistress, and the example thus given has been followed by schools in England and the Colonies, and even in the United States. According to the chairman—the Rev. Brooke Lambert, a competent authority—the poorer the school the more are the pictures appreciated; and as, in many cases, such schools are unable to purchase sets of pictures, the association, as far as it is able, makes grants or loans of its collections, and it is further to extend this sphere of usefulness that the committee appeal to the public for help.

It is not surprising to learn that Mr. John B. Gough, the temperance orator, and Mr. George Cruikshank, the temperance artist, were firm friends. At a sale of the former's library, which took place recently at Boston (Mass.), there was a remarkably complete collection of Cruikshank's drawings, many of which, having been gifts by the artist himself, were almost unique. By the help of the notes on some of the drawings, it will be possible to clear up certain doubts which have arisen with regard to many of Cruikshank's productions. The well-known "Children's Lottery Prints," which have been attributed to both his father and his brother, are now shown

to be by the "glorious George," who had endorsed Mr. Gough's copy with the words, "drawn and etched by George Cruikshank when about twelve years of age." Into this work Cruikshank, moreover, introduced his own portrait—probably for the first time—a habit which he repeated so frequently in after years as to draw down upon him a good deal of more or less good-natured banter. He used to declare that his publishers wished it, but those who knew him well attributed this love of notoriety to other causes.

The authorities who are charged with the care of ancient and historic monuments in the Grand Duchy of Baden have at length succeeded in awakening the interest of the custodians of the public purse. The rapid deterioration of the ruins of the castle of Heidelberg has excited the remark of all recent travellers, and those who knew them thirty or forty years ago can now scarcely recognise some of the features which gave such beauty to the old building. It is, therefore, with sincere pleasure that we learn that the Baden Chamber has just voted a sum of 250,000 marks (£12,500) to arrest the process of decay and to preserve as far as possible one of the grandest relics of the old Palatinate. At the same time, some almost equally necessary works will be undertaken on the cathedral of Freiburg, in Breisgau, for which 100,000 marks were voted on the same occasion.



BERLIN

T^O BUDA-PEST ON A BICYCLE.

By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

I.

When, one July morning, I started from London with my fine new nickel-plated Marriott and Cooper's "Ladies' Safety" in the luggage van, I had been on a single bicycle only twice, and then down in an asphalt-paved cellar in Holborn Viaduct, with a leather-strap around my waist and a strong man clinging to it and to me. I had ridden a tandem tricycle often enough; but that is another matter. On it I could sit as securely, if not quite as comfortably, as on the average chair, while someone else did all the steering and braking for me. My only work was to push the pedals round. Now, in addition to this, I had to balance and steer a machine that cannot stand by itself, and that has very decided and unprincipled notions of its own as to the proper direction for its rider to take.

My first practical experience was just outside of Calais on a by-road, with an audience of three small frightened French boys in aprons, perched up on a fence out of harm's way. But I managed that same morning, after taking several ditches, sometimes sitting down by the wayside with the machine in my lap, getting hopelessly wound up in the wheels once or twice, and learning that a safety is as obstinate and self-willed a creature as never drew the breath of life, to reach Gravelines, about twenty-two kilometres from Calais, in time for breakfast. Indeed, the next day I crossed the frontier into Belgium, the land of wide distances, of windmills and canals, breakfasted at Fournes, and rode through Nieuport and other of the charming little Belgian towns; and the day after pushed my bicycle through the sands to Ostend, and then through mud and deep reuts to Bruges; and, the day after that, first tried to drown myself in a canal and then finished up by riding into Cologne. It is true that on the third day we took the train, but, then, as most record-breakers know, this is a mere detail.

The difficulty of riding a bicycle is a trifle compared to that of speaking German, when all your knowledge is in a phrase-book stowed away at the bottom of your knapsack. At the Cologne Station it took a good deal of gesticulating to convince the porter and two or three officials in gold braid and buttons, who had come up to help, that we were not cycle importers, and that our third receipt was for a trunk. But I must give them the credit of having been very polite about it, far more polite than the men and boys we met on our way to the hotel (it was Sunday afternoon), who laughed and said things which sounded very offensive, though probably, had we understood, they would have proved no worse than the personalities of the London omnibus-driver when you attempt to drive through the streets of the City. The proprietors of the Dom Hotel, however, poured balm upon my wounded spirits. They were cyclists themselves, and before I had time to show how completely I was in the power of my safety, even when merely walking with it, one of them had steered it through the doorway into the hall. We had been there barely ten minutes before we heard what a brave rider he was and what records he had made, for he spoke excellent English. He was discreet enough to ask no questions about my performances.

In Cologne there is plenty of what cyclists in the old days used to call the Freemasonry of the wheel. The next morning, in a tobacco-shop (I ought to explain that J— went to it

the rain and the cathedral there was no getting off early. It was quite half-past eleven when we strapped our bags to the two machines, to the admiration of a German from Manchester, who cheerfully warned us that, as foreigners, we might expect to pay double for every morsel we ate and every drop we drank on our journey. I am the more ready here to record his prophecy because after-experiences proved it so wholly and entirely wrong. It is not until you come down to the proletariat that the native German knows how to cheat.

There are few tourists who have not looked from the Rhine, as we did from the bridge, back to Cologne, with the cathedral towering high above its houses. But I fancy there are still fewer who have ever seen or heard of the long suburb of Falk, on the other side of the river. I remember it well, for we walked through it, J—, with the memory of my last effort to plunge into a canal still fresh, being unwilling to trust me to the devices of the safety in a street full of trams and wagons and workmen in delightfully funny little blue skirts, who were putting down new paving. It was humiliating, and some vulgar little boys made matters worse by jeering and pointing their fingers at me. But I forgot my troubles outside of Falk, where the road, though slightly sticky from the rain, was still good enough, and my machine was in capital form.

It has just occurred to me that I have forgotten to write anything about the great and glorious city of Cologne. Our Baedeker for North Germany said "See Baedeker's Rhine," but we did not see the advantage of paying six marks for a book we could use only a couple of hours. However, I do not doubt that anyone who wants a description can find it there.

Hitherto in my trial trips on French and Belgian roads I had been too preoccupied with the necessity of keeping my balance and not giving way to the machine's vagaries to think much of anything else. But now I could begin to "take notice." There was nothing that enchanted me so much on that first morning of real riding as the smells, the delicious country smells. It is worth while to have lived for months in London, with its all-pervading smoke and fog, just to enjoy the first keen sense of the clean fragrance of the outdoor world. There was nothing that disgusted me so entirely as my attempt to climb my first hill leading up to Bensberg. In France and Belgium the road had been absolutely flat. Now at the second revolution of the wheel the machine stood still, and I went over sideways, to the delight of a whole school of flaxen-haired boys, who walked with me condescendingly to the top. There was a *Gasthaus*—*Anglicé*, "pub"—of the proverbial type, "embowered in trees and shrubbery," as Baedeker romantically puts it. Our first efforts to ask in German for something to eat frightened the girl in waiting out of her life—I do not know why—and she fled precipitately.



ON THE BELGIAN FRONTIER.

But presently an old woman and a young man came, and were very kind and patient. I might as well say here that what most struck us everywhere during this, our first, trip in Germany was the amiability of the people in making the best of the foreigner's atrocious German. The Englishman, under similar circumstances, would be quite positive that he could not understand, and there would be an end of it; the Frenchman would be as certain that it was too much of a bore to try; but the German does his best to help you, and if he catches one word only is as pleased as if he had drawn a prize in a lottery.

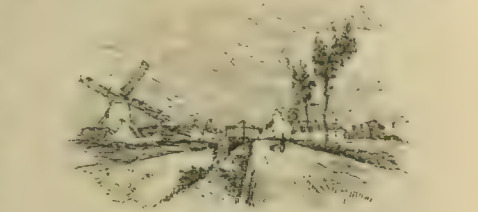
"Wie viel Zeit will es nehmen?" I asked the young man. There was a pleasing vagueness in my question, and still more in my pronunciation, but he was nowise daunted.

"Time is money," says the Englishman," was his answer in English he had learned in his German school.

More satisfactory and to the purpose than our talk was the dinner, which was excellent, and we ate it on a pretty vine-grown porch. "It is always the Germans," Mr. Leland says somewhere, "who want to take tea in the arbour, breakfast on the balcony, dine *à fresco*, and lunch by waterfalls in lonely forests." And the German innkeeper, understanding his countrymen, provides arbour and balcony, even when he cannot manage forest and waterfall, and profits by this romantic tendency. I am sure that on Sundays the little inn of Bensberg is crowded with excursionists from Cologne, who smoke their long pipes and drink their beer as they look down over the wide plain to the cathedral spires on the horizon, even as the Blessed Damosel looked down from the gold bar of Heaven. On reading this over, I question the propriety of my smile; still, it is not so bad, for, if Sydney Smith's idea of heaven was eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets, the German's must be drinking beer to the braying of a brass band. If not, why are there so many beer drinkers, so many brass bands, so many summer gardens in Germany? On Monday we had the place to ourselves, until suddenly the rain again fell in torrents, and into our paradise there intruded a German mother and two daughters with sadly dragged skirts, who settled themselves for a quiet hour's knitting and tea-drinking. This went to my heart, for I thought I had left the land of tea for many a long day to come.

I have been so often reproved for referring to rain in the stories of our travels that I am almost afraid to say that the rest of the day's ride left behind it confused memories of rain and mud, of wet little timbered villages and stretches of watery road running through drenched woods, of peasants who roared with delight when they saw me in my macintosh, and of many cyclists, who always overtook us just when I was ignominiously walking. My misery reached its height when, late in the afternoon, unexpectedly my safety lay down in the middle of the road and I sat on top of it. The result was something dreadful the matter with the pedal; followed by J—'s assurance that my riding was all over and I might as well go back to Cologne at once. I hated him; I hated myself; I hated Germany; above all, I hated the wretched thing which played me such a trick, when, thanks to it, I was already so stiff and bruised that all I wanted was to creep off into a corner by myself and lie down there and die; and yet, it did seem a little soon to take the train again, a little soon to exchange the sweet smells of the country for the old town mustiness. But my cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing when we reached Engelkirchen, a small village, where we were obliged to spend the night, since it was too late to go farther with a broken machine. I think every child in that odious village turned out to greet us. Tired, cross, wet as we were, to be besieged on all sides by screaming, dancing, yelping boys and girls was more than human nature could stand. I can still see J— swinging his macintosh as if it were a scythe and mowing them all down.

And oh! the first gloomy impressions of the best inn in the place, with its dark, close entrance hall, where we fell over more



NEAR DUNKIRK.

dirty children and yelping dogs at every corner. But upstairs we found a large, clean, airy room, with three windows, soft beds, though with the vile overgrown pillows that Germans think can answer the purpose of Christian sheets and blankets, and the coldest water it has ever been my pleasure to sponge off with. A good supper completed our mental transformation, and, while two ladies from the village strummed on the piano in the dining-room, J—, by the light of a candle, overhauled my machine and found matters were not so desperate after all. I never knew anything to improve so on acquaintance as a German village inn. At a glance it may seem out of the question. But usually it has one or two comfortable bed-rooms, and there is always someone about who can cook, not a French dinner, of course, but, at least, a *Schnitzel*.

The sun was shining in the morning, the children were all in school, and my machine ran as well as ever, save for a grinding noise it made with every turn of the injured pedal. The road, muddy at first where trees closely overshadowed it, was hard and dry where it wound in open sunshine between wide fields. It was a disappointment those first two days to find the peasants without costume, the villages with but little picturesque architecture, and the landscape with no marked character. It is one of the great charms of England that it is so English, of France that it is so French. But the country we were now riding through might have been anywhere—it was quite as American as it was German. A still greater surprise was the friendliness of the people. Perhaps the German cannot stand transportation, but certainly in America one is apt to think of him as a surly, awkward creature, indifferent to everything but his beer and pipe. Now we kept meeting people who were so decent you might have fancied they knew beforehand what we thought and were determined to show us our mistake. About eleven we stopped at a roadside inn for a sandwich and beer, and I can never forget the willingness of the man there to understand my pantomime and his seeming delight when he was able to bring me a needle and thread to mend my dress, which I was in a constant state of mending from that time until I got to Berlin. In the village where we dined a native cyclist led us in triumph to the house of an old lady, who gave us a cheery *Willkommen*, and fed us as if we had been prodigals, all because she had a sister in South America. I am afraid it was barely grateful on our part to be so thankful that when we started off again the cyclist did not reappear to carry out his threat of riding to Helchenbach in our company. On the road, only a Chinese mandarin or a Mohammedan at his studies could have nodded an answer to every greeting religiously given by every man, woman, and child. In all the fields, in all the houses, as we passed by, people stopped in their work to see us—or, I flatter myself, to see me—ride, and if it was still another disappointment to hear them express their interest and approval with the loud guffaw of the London costermonger, it could do us no harm.

To such a matter-of-course incident as the rain I might not refer, perhaps, if it had not driven us that same afternoon into a wayside *Gasthaus*, where we had our first experience of the German peasant in his cups. Several were youthful conscripts, who had evidently been making a day of it, which with them meant the wearing of enormous crowns of artificial flowers and feathers with gay ribbons streaming in the back, and the drinking of far more Schnapps than was good for them. They were in the singing stage when we arrived, and were not in the least put out, as Englishmen of the same class would have been, by our arrival. Between their songs they amiably drank from each other's glasses, according to the most elegant German etiquette. There were on the other side of the room a few more sober citizens—a postman among their number—who devoted themselves to the study of our map, and talked to us as if we understood. For their benefit I got off my first German joke, of which I was not a little proud. "Wir fahren besser als wir sprechen," I said; and I think I enjoyed it more than they did. The daughter of the house hovered about us; she had studied English in school, and longed, but was afraid, to air it.

Altogether, they were so friendly and sociable that, instead of going on to Helchenbach, as we had intended, we put up there for the night. I do not think I ever did know the name of the village, but I do know that we provided an evening's amusement for the girl who could speak English and her brother, who shared her accomplishment. I do not believe they ever had had such a chance for fine practice before, and, the ice once broken, they did not neglect it.



A BELGIAN TOWN.

for some tobacco, and I, not having more German than he, to translate for him), we found another fellow-cyclist, a member of the Radfahrer Union, who presented us with a map, urged us in English a shade better than our German not to cross the mountains between Cologne and Berlin, but to follow the Rhine, and shook hands with great heartiness. He kept turning up and shaking hands at intervals all the morning, for between

THE ORIGIN OF PRIMROSE DAY.

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER IN POLITICAL HISTORY.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.



NO. 19, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR.

The house in which Lord Beaconsfield died, April 19, 1891.

The origin of the Primrose League is known with more or less precision. Was it in the brain of Sir Henry Wolff that the happy idea buzzed into existence? Or was it hinted to him from without?—or haply to some other member of the quartet that was called the "Fourth Party"? There may be some doubt on that point; but none that the League was nourished in the bosom of the Four from its birth, and that its most hopeful dandlers, when it seemed to most of us a truly ridiculous infant, were Sir Henry Wolff and Lord Randolph Churchill. Not less surprising than the rise and progress of the League was the sudden adoption of a Primrose Day by half the population in honour of Lord Beaconsfield. This "movement," which has nothing to do with secretaries and subscriptions, looks very like a product of spontaneous generation; but it had no such miraculous origin. There must have been some Cavalier to whom occurred the happy thought, "Let us have an Oak-apple Day to the glory of King Charles and the mortification of Roundheads all," and who thereupon went about stirring up his friends to walk abroad on a certain October day with oak-apples in their hats, which did "catch on," and the thing was done. Precisely similar was the invention of Primrose Day; and he can be named who did the business. A modest official person, yet not without a handle to his well-known name: a man of much learning and many languages, but no pedant, and with combustibles in him to take fire in a moment when there is any question of his country's honour. It was to him the idea occurred that Lord Beaconsfield might well be kept in memory

by the wearing of primroses on the day of the great man's death. Whereupon he imparted his design to a friend, and the twain set about the affair with the assiduity of a couple of honest bagmen. It was then about the middle of April, and they went from florist to florist in the western quarter of London asking whether they could rely upon having a good fresh bouquet of primroses for the 19th, "since everybody is to wear Lord Beaconsfield's favourite flower on that day, it seems." 'Twas but a simple ruse, an uninventive trick; but the spark of suggestion in it spread with magical rapidity, and as the two friends themselves had friends in half a hundred drawing-rooms and half a score of clubs, again the thing was done.

All the imagination of the East could not have contrived for Benjamin Disraeli an honour more to his taste. His was a life of dreams. It would be a complete mistake to fancy him a laborious-thought machine, as great politicians are commonly supposed to be. The drudgery of statesmanship he knew only by observation and report. Of what we Britons call work he did very little, at any time of his life, that was

of this strange man's mind, which is one reason, perhaps, why he took so much pains to conceal its workings. But there is evidence enough of what I say in his youthful letters from abroad, and not less in his treatment of scene and character, long afterwards, in such books as "Lothair"; and it needs no great powers of divination to perceive that he was for ever weaving romance about his own fortunes. The spirit of it was to be seen in his attire; it was equally visible in all his surroundings at Hughenden; but wide and high as it soared in the dwelling of his imagination (which is Disraelitish for a capacious brain), it is very unlikely that he ever dreamed of attaining to the honours of St. Patrick and King Charles the Martyr. Dukedoms in England; principalities in Syria; wealth beyond grasp; command that half the world should tremblingly obey, much as it would mourn him when he died—visions like these, we may be very sure, were his familiars at one time or another, among others that were nobler. But not one of them would have pleased his fancy so much as the impossible thought that when he dropped into the grave his death-day would become a matter of national



HUGHENDEN MANOR, LORD BEACONSFIELD'S COUNTRY SEAT.

not set in dreams. His novel-writing, of course, was of that character; but so was all his meditation on public affairs. When he thought of the past, when he watched the political currents of his day, when he looked on to the future with that accurate, forecasting eye of his, it was in no such scientific

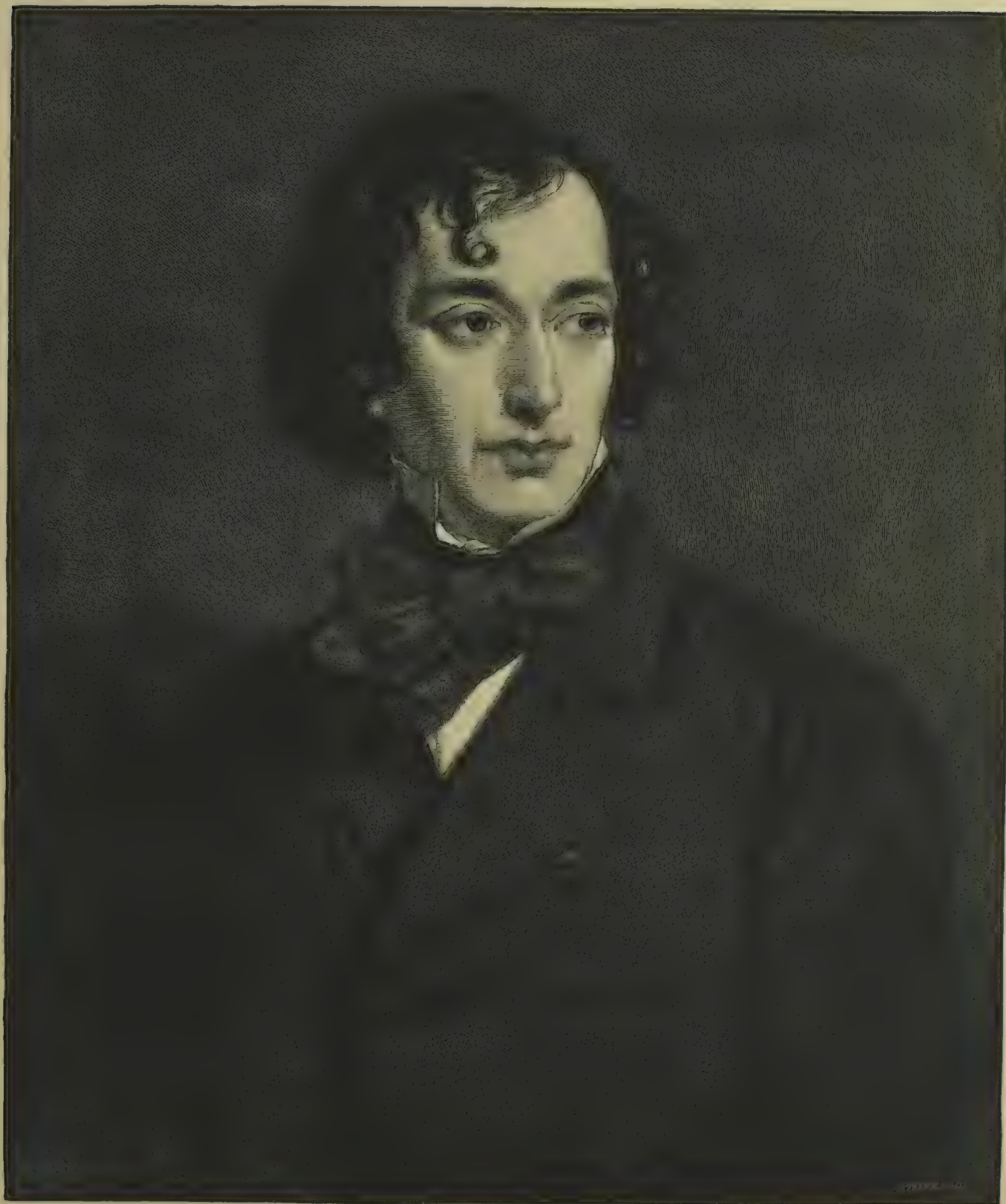
style as Mr. Mill would have approved, but with wreaths of fancies about every fact and every inference from it. The fancies were for his own pleasure, like the castle-building of one kind or another in which most of us spend our vacant hours without confessing to the weakness; but, though it is doubtful whether Mr. Disraeli ever formed a policy or a plan out of the world of dreams, it does not follow that his dreaming entered into his plans and policies to vitiate or enfeeble them. For that matter, the miser's head is full of romance (of a sort) while he schemes to gain or save a sixpence. I only mean that a train of high romantic fancies attended upon almost every motion

commemoration. By no order of the Crown, no appointment in conclave, but by a spontaneous impulse of popular affection, his favourite flower would be worn in memory of him on tens of thousands of English breasts, and be heaped on his statue. No British statesman, or soldier either, could think of such honours as possible; and it would probably enhance their value in the eyes of their recipient, could he know of them, that they are inimitable for some generations at least.

It once befel that I passed the night in Lord Beaconsfield's room at Hughenden, where the miniature portraits of his mother, his much-mourned sister, and others of his kindred hang. It was a busy night for thoughts; and one of them that came tumbling in at shaving-time in the morning was, how much he would have given who looked into that glass a little while before could he have seen there the handsome bright young face that Count D'Orsay drew years ago! "Dizzy" was not the man to forget that face, nor the youth, the strength, the prophetic confidence, the conquering audacity that were his when he figured before D'Orsay's pencil (if the drawing be really that nobleman's, which may be doubted) with chibouque and yataghan and guitar, and the rest of the vanities. What would he have given? I could see both faces there—and so, no doubt, did he—with such a terrible difference as perhaps could be seen nowhere else except in the portraits of Talleyrand in his prime and Talleyrand in his later days. But Talleyrand in those days had hardly mind enough to know, or to speculate, or to care, which was not Disraeli's case. The mind was all there, and cleared and chastened by success, which is not too common an event. To be young again, to throw off that incomparably awful look of decay, and beam from the looking-glass as from his friend's print, what would he have given or foregone? Primrose Day? I don't think so.



HUGHENDEN CHURCH, WITH THE GRAVE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

From the picture by Sir F. Grant, P.R.A.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER

Yet the Wesleyan Council at length settled to remove all reference to these places on the ground that it would be too unpopular to tell the truth! "The retort would be 'Why don't they deal with the clubs in Pall Mall?'" said one speaker. So are men governed, not by facts or principles, but by sounds. It is the poor man's "pub" with which the poor man's "club" competes; and as the public-house bar has to preserve its license, to submit to police supervision, and to shut its doors at fixed hours at night and on Sundays, so should the club's drinking-bar be similarly regulated, for precisely identical reasons. Would that the wives of the men who frequent these places could be polled on the subject! It is a mystery to me why temperance women continue to struggle to shut licensed houses, and leave these unlicensed places to multiply unchecked in every poor locality.

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MOORLAND MEDITATIONS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

'Tis a marvel, and a standing example of Hope's triumph over experience, that men will take salmon rivers. Once in a lifetime a lucky person may have rain, and water in his river, but as a rule during his tenancy the earth is like iron and the sky like steel. "Fair and dry, fair and dry," sings the weather report, like a parody of the burthen to Kingsley's song "Clear and Cool." As for "clear and cool"—and very little of it—the river itself is chanting that refrain on its way to the sea. Clear, so clear that you can number the stones thereof, and the pearl-mussels in the bottom; cool, too, "the ice-brook's temper," from the snows melting slowly on the slopes of Cribbrig. The sun is going down in a cloudless sky; there is but a haze from the heather-fires. "Burn heather while the sun shines" is the motto of the sheep-farmer, and the air is heavy with the scent of burning heath and deer-grass.

In these hopeful circumstances someone is casting over a stream about as big as "the Dominie's dribble of drink," and over the sullen deal water in the long pool beneath. Two of us were lying on the heather, watching the industrious angler, and hoping that his hook would not take us in the face. I chanced to look up, and saw a hawk swoop down near us and make a dip close over our heads. My friend, who had been gazing at the fishes, said, "Look here!" In his hand he held a lark, which had just dropped before us and crept up between us. My friend had not seen the hawk, nor I the lark, but the presence of the former fowl explained the conduct of the latter. The poor little bird lay perfectly still, his heart shaking his body as with the pulsations of a piston. Meanwhile, the hawk was retiring, foiled, with wide sweeps, and presently withdrew to the horizon and the cliffs of Cribbrig, supperless. We placed the lark on the short grass beside us, but it would not yet remove itself from our protection. There it lay, casting a timid black eye round in every direction, still watching for the hawk. Then it ran under the heather, covering low, and concealing itself from any but a hawk's eye, though still, I daresay, its enemy could have detected it. We left the place, but on our return a little later the lark had mustered up strength and courage, and flew, but not far, into deeper heather, at a short distance.

I know not if this behaviour of the lark's is a common occurrence. Birds will fly from a hawk into an open window, but I never before saw one come and deliberately appeal to men in the open air—their suppliant, as the sparrows of the temple, in Herodotus, were the suppliants of the god. Surely there is discourse of reason in the lower animals, whatever philosophers may say! The poor little bird in its deadly danger must have argued that the hawk dared not approach those big two-legged animals, and its greater horror of the enemy overcame the minor fear which makes birds take to flight on man's approach. Hereditary instinct, in a case so rare, can hardly account for the bird's choice between two

forms of peril. One cannot remember a like case, except in our old friend Dr. Lemprière's classical dictionary, when Jupiter changed himself into a swan, fled from his own eagle, and found refuge in the arms of Leda. But Jupiter was "an old hawk," as Burns called himself, and knew very well what he was about. The lark's case is absolutely different in every way, and, if the bird did not reason, how can we explain its behaviour?

The contemplative man (and even the salmon-fisher is obliged to be contemplative when there is no water) might reflect and meditate on the matter at very considerable length. For, what business had we to interfere with a fellow-sportsman, the hawk, and to deprive him of his evening meal? If, *per impossibile*, our companion had hooked a fish, and if a superior being of the angelic host had come down and broken the line, would we not have felt a natural indignation? Yet the hawk needed the lark much more than we needed the fish. Ah! "Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravin," how long are we all to prey on each other, all the world over? There is to be no end to this rule while the world stands, though it is so abhorrent that one's feelings are often enlisted even on the side of the rare fish hooked by our own luck and labour. For one, I confess that it is becoming enough for me to delude the creature, and, that once done, he may return rejoicing; nor shall I greatly repine. Or, to change the meditative theme, does not the lark illustrate the religious instinct? and, is there not something of piety and faith in his flight from the known danger to the unknown powers not of his own nature, and to the possible pity and protection? We are all of us in his case, and the swift wings and ruthless claw of death and of every peril hover over us all our days, now invisible and undreamed of, now instant and menacing, so that we also are constrained to flee to the Unknown Power and seek its mysterious shelter.

These are meditations almost too contemplative for a moorland. Yet, even this empty space of heather and sky is full of historical memories, and of memories older than history. On isolated heights above the river stand the remnants of Pictish fortifications; whoever the Picts may have been, and probably they were but prehistoric crofters, they built strongly, and had an eye for a strategic position. The ruins have each the aspect of a tiny Acropolis, like those which guard the shores of Greece. All round us here, on the open plain where the river flows, are the low green mounds in which those men lie who fell in a great battle against the Vikings. Though no written record of the fight survives, we may believe that the Vikings were victorious over the dwellers in the little mountain keeps, for the dale and the burn are still named after the Norse leader—the valley and the brook of Harold. Where tumuli have been opened; only shells and "old iron" have been found, one is told: the old iron may have been the short sword of some hero, may have shone in the ranks of the Varangians. A little dust and turf covers them with all their memories, and no grave-dweller or "harrow-wight" guards their grassy monuments. Not far off

is a place where memories and practices of times even older than theirs endure—a small lochan, like a backwater of the river. Here infirm people are brought even now, though in numbers smaller than in the last generation, to watch by the loch through the nights of May, and to be dipped in the wave, for it is thought that fairies dwell here, and, like the angel of old in Jerusalem, "trouble the water." Clearly it is a case of "kill or cure," for a consumptive patient is not likely to last long after a bath in the frosty moonlit loch, even if the pious are singing psalms all round the shores. Would that we knew the old Gaelic chants for which these psalms are a Christian substitute; though, after all, they would probably prove to be mere vain repetitions, like the magic songs which we do know—Maori, or Finnish, or Babylonian. They are dead as the Picts, in any case, lost as the recipe for "brewing the ale from the heather bell," though the fairy loch still keeps a touch of its old attraction and fame for enchantment. But the moon is growing clear and silver in the eastern sky; the pools are obviously untenanted, or tenanted only by salmon well acquainted with the nature and properties of the "Silver Doctor." So we may wend homeward a melancholy way, through the dusk and the scent of burning heather.

The House of Commons' Committee on the Bill for enabling the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company to construct a terminus at St. John's Wood and along the east side of Regent's Park decided on Tuesday, April 12, that "the preamble was proved," but reserved some points concerning the displacement of working-class population, and the reports of the Local Government Board, and of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, to be considered before April 23, to which date the Committee has adjourned.

The British Museum, and latterly the Natural History Museum, have long possessed the skeleton of a mammoth found in the Essex river Roding, not far from London; but the discovery in Endsleigh Street, Euston Square, a few days ago, of the tusks and bones of that extinct huge animal—two animals, indeed, of the same species—is an interesting fact. This came to light in deepening a main sewer. The tusks measure 2 ft. in circumference, and would be 9 ft. or 10 ft. long. Britain was not an island, probably, at the remote geological period when the mammoth haunted the shores of Northern Europe, then in the same condition as those of Siberia were not so long ago.

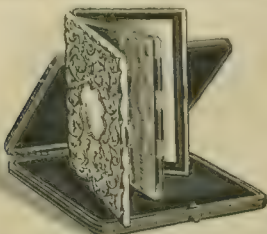
In Wyoming, near the Rocky Mountains, a territory of the United States, bands of regular cattle-robbers are still giving trouble. A desperate fight has taken place at Riverside between one of these gangs of malefactors and an armed party led by the sheriff of the county. Twenty-eight of the robbers were killed, and eighteen of the sheriff's force. It is like the old Border moss-troopers' warfare in Liddesdale, or between Tynes and Tweed, in the days of "The Last Minstrel." Some men will deservedly be hanged, as of old at "Merry Carlisle." At the opposite extremity of the Union, in the State of Alabama, a gang of negro railway-train robbers have fought with the police, exchanging shots till one man was killed and the others caught. Wild life is not yet wholly extinct in the wealthy western world.

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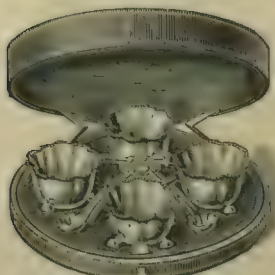
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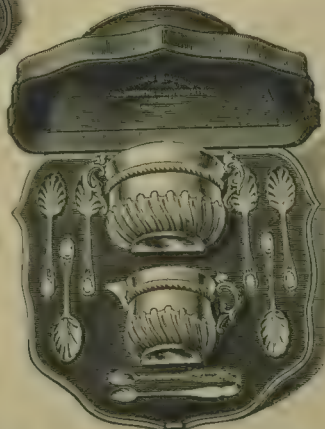
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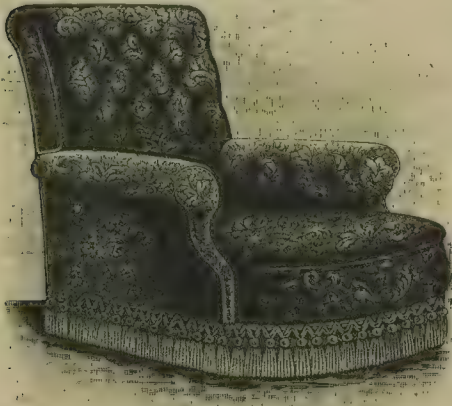
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BED-ROOM FURNITURE.

THE TORQUAY SUITE is a very handsome set in hazelwood and ash, and consists of wardrobe with bevelled glass door and well carved panels; washstand with high tiled back, marble top, and cupboard beneath; toilet table with bevelled glass, metal drawers, and bottom shelf, towel alrer, and three chairs, £15 10s.

THE DEANERY SUITE in decorated white enamel, comprising large wardrobe with bevelled glass door, cupboard, drawers, and numerous shelves, large washstand with marble top, back fitted with tiles and bevelled glass, shelves, and towel rod at ends, large toilet table with bevelled glass, shelves, and seven drawers, three chairs, forming a handsome and artistic suite, £16 15s.

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MAPLE and CO occupy altogether an exceptional position with regard to the production and sale of TURKEY and ANATOLIAN CARPETS, having a resident agent at Ouchak and Smyrna, who personally superintends the processes of dyeing and weaving, so that they can guarantee the use of vegetable dyes only.

MAPLE and CO thus secure for their customers TURKEY and ANATOLIAN CARPETS of guaranteed colour and quality of wool, while their direct connection between London and Smyrna saves all intermediate profits. Thus, as a result, a genuine Turkey Carpet, 13ft. by 11ft., can be supplied at from £8.



THE VERSAILLES CHAIR

Is very comfortable, and much appreciated by those who like a support for the back and arms. It is upholstered in best hair, and covered with handsome Crotone, £5 15s. 6d.

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Fine Pearl Heart Brooch, in Morocco Case, £4 10s.



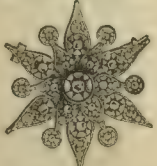
Fine Pearl Heart Brooch, in Morocco Case, £4 2s.



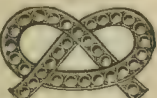
Fine Gold Necklace, set throughout with Finest Oriental Pearls. £14 10s.
Ditto in Pearls and Jewels, £14 10s.
Other sizes from £10.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1890) of Carolina Rosa de Faria, Baroness do Seixo, late of 433, Rua de Cedofeita, Oporto, who died on Dec. 31, was proved in London on April 1 by Jorge d'Almeida Continho e Lemos and Leopoldo d'Almeida Continho e Lemos, the sons, and Arnaldo Ribeiro de Faria, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English court exceeding £45,000. The testatrix directs masses to be said for her soul and for several members of her family; and there are legacies to some Portuguese charities, to her children, and to a grandson. The residue of her property she gives to her three children—Jorge, Leopoldo, and Carolina.

The will (dated June 1, 1887) of Charles, Count Zamoyiski, late of 28, Rue de Chazelles, Paris, who died on Feb. 2, was proved in London on March 29 by Henri Krajewski, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £28,000. The testator gives 200,000*fr.*, and all the furniture, horses, carriages, and personal effects at his Paris residence and at his property Stara-tois-Kolbiel, to his wife, Marie Rose Zamoyiska; he also gives her the usufruct of the said property, with all the cattle, sheep, movables and immovables; 100,000*fr.* to his ward, Miss Charlotte Sienald; a life annuity of 10,000*fr.* to his nephew Constantin Rembielinski; 25,000*fr.* to his executor; and 10,000*fr.* to Jean Krzaki. He appoints as his universal heir his nephew Maurice Zamoyiski.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Forfar, of the trust disposition and settlement of Mr. Thomas Hunter Cox, of Strathmarine and Maudsden, merchant and manufacturer, Leoches and Dundee, residing at Dundee, Dundee, who died on Jan. 1, granted to William Cox and George Addison Cox, the brothers, and Edward Cox, George Methven Cox, William Henry Cox, Arthur James Cox, and James Cox Methven, the nephews, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £435,000.

The will of Mr. George Brightmore Mills, late of Alveston and Boulton, Derbyshire, has been proved, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £413,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 each to his nephews, William Bradshaw and Albert Septimus Bradshaw; £20,000 London and North-Western Debenture Stock to his niece, Mary Bradshaw; £12,000, upon trust, for the benefit of John Mills Bradshaw, for life, and then for his said niece, Mary Bradshaw; and many other legacies. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his nephew William Bradshaw.

The will (dated March 18, 1889) of Mr. Abraham Denny, J.P., late of Waterford, and of Ballybrado, Cahir, county Tipperary, was proved in London on April 4 by Charles Edward Denny, the son, and Edward Henry Marsland Denny, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £174,000. The testator leaves £13,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Edith Elizabeth Power, in addition to what he has already given, appointed to, or settled upon her; £5000, upon trust, for the son and two daughters of his late daughter, Emma Florence, in addition to what he settled upon her on her marriage; such sum as will produce £400 per annum, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, and then for the children of his son Charles Edward, as she shall appoint; and other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his said son.

The will (dated June 7, 1889), with a codicil (dated Nov. 13, 1891), of Mr. Charles Jollands Davies, late of Merton Lodge, 213, Brixton Hill, and 109, Weston Street, Bermondsey, emery manufacturer, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on April 1 by Robert Pennell Davies, the brother, Ralph Skene Archbold, and Annesley Oliver Westley Simmonds, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £140,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 Three-per-Cent India Stock to the Commercial Travellers' School, Pinner; and a like sum of the same stock to the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution; and very numerous large legacies to executors, friends, travellers, clerks, and others; there are also bequests to servants and to every man and boy at the works at Weston Street. The residue of his property he gives to his brother.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Dumfriesshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated June 23, 1887) of Mr. Adam Brown, farmer at Bennan, Tyrnont, in the county of Dumfries, who died on Jan. 7, granted to Stephen Brown, the son, Mrs. Maria Brown or Howatson, the daughter, and Michael Grievie Thorburn, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £50,000.

The will and two codicils of Mrs. Mary Ellen Fryer, late of 67, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 30, were proved on March 22 by Charles Gilbert Fryer and Edmund Septimus Fryer, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testatrix gives considerable legacies to each of her six children, and there are bequests to others. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her sons and daughter, Charles Gilbert Fryer, Mrs. Agnes Ellen Waters, Mrs. Alice Amelia Moore, Edward Albert Fryer, and George Edmund Septimus Fryer, in equal shares.

The will of Mrs. Frances Orris Gosselin, late of 28, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington, and of Blakeware, Ware, Herts, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 30 by Heliier Robert Hadsley Gosselin, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9869.

The will and codicil of Captain Charles James Herbert, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, who died on Aug. 5 at Pau, was proved on March 21 by the Hon. Richard Dawson and Sir George Landerdale Houston-Boswall, Bart., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4174.

The rapidly increasing study of Greek classical art and antiquities, especially for the interpretation of mythology and of ethnology, conducted by several accomplished ladies educated at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, is a remarkable sign of the intellectual tendencies of the day. Miss Kate Raleigh's two lectures, or "demonstrations" of works of Greek sculpture, on Thursday, April 21, in the Archaic Room of the British Museum, and on Thursday, the 28th, in the Gallery of Casts at the South Kensington Museum, each day at eleven o'clock, are suited to the minds of children, and are an interesting experiment in that way. More advanced minds will find the most arduous themes of Greek archaeological lore treated by Miss Jane Harrison, Miss Millington Lathbury, and Miss Eugenie Sellers, who correspond with the eminent scholars and professors of Oxford, Paris, and Berlin, and whose courses of lectures are recommended in the University Extension programmes of this year. The use of the collections in our national museums for this purpose is a great educational

advantage now offered to families in London, and the girls' classes are usually well attended, while private study of the Greek language and literature gains favour daily with the sex, whatever may become of this subject as a compulsory ingredient of public-school teaching for boys.

In Swanage Bay, on Easter Monday, a boat with five persons was upset, and three of them—a young woman named Alice Welsh, of Corfe Castle, and two young men—were drowned.

On account of the great pressure for places for the matinees announced for "Henry VIII."—namely, April 30 and May 7—Mr. Irving has decided to give two more matinees of the play on the succeeding Saturdays, May 14 and 21. "Richelieu" will be given on the evenings of these days, with Mr. Irving in the title rôle.

The over-large Brazilian Republic, weak at its centre, is threatened with provincial disruption. The Legislature of Matto Grosso, an inland province ten times the size of England, has proclaimed its independence, refusing entry to the officials and troops from Rio de Janeiro. There is little prospect of its forcible subjection.

The South Lancashire cotton-spinners, having funds in hand, intend to take an unusually long Easter holiday by indulging in a strike, which will stop the working of fifteen million spindles. This kind of interruption to trade may some day be met with a contrivance to make the spindles do their work as well under the care of fewer hands.

The settlement of the Hunza-Nagar tribes north of Ghilghit, on the mountain frontier of Kashmir, seems to be completed, after the late insurrection and conflict with British troops, by Colonel Darnand holding a darbar and installing Mohammed Nazim Khan as ruler of Hunza, while Jaffa Khan is reinstated in the district of Nagar.

Extensive floods in the valley of the Mississippi, spreading over hundreds of miles from north to south, have caused immense destruction of farms and houses, with the loss of many lives. On April 13 sixty-one dead human bodies had been recovered from the water; twelve hundred persons were rendered homeless. Herds of cattle were drowned; the total damage is estimated at two million dollars.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice, on Wednesday, April 13, visited the city of Toulon, and were received by the Maritime Prefect of the naval arsenal, the Sous-Prefet of the Department and the Mayor of Toulon. The royal visitors drove through the streets and up to a fort on the hill commanding a fine view of the harbour and the coast. There were no street decorations or music, by the Queen's desire.

The German Emperor William II. has telegraphed to Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, his hearty congratulations on the Oxford University crew winning the boat-race on the Thames. "His Majesty loves" beautiful Oxford and her brave sons." He commends young men for using their strength in aquatic sports. The students of the Berlin University do not imitate this example, but they occasionally "go on the Spree."

The German scheme of a colonial settlement on the coast of South-Western Africa, near Walvisch Bay, is about to be tried, after all, by a party leaving Hamburg, at the end of April, for a place to be called Klein Windhoek. It is an arid, barren, desolate region, which no British colonists would envy them; but the experiment will prove whether Damarraland and Ovampaland are worth having. Without gold or copper mines, we believe they are not.

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MUSIC.

Several concerts of sacred music took place in and about the Metropolis on Good Friday, and a crowded attendance in nearly every case made manifest the strong appreciation of entertainments of this class which has come to be regarded as one of our national characteristics. At the Royal Albert Hall the customary performance of the "Messiah" was given in the evening before an audience of about 7000 persons, by whom every note of Handel's familiar masterpieces was followed with the keenest enjoyment and delight. The solo vocalists were Madame Nordica, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Norman Salmond, who, it need scarcely be said, acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the most critical among their hearers. The rendering of the choruses, under Mr. Barnby, was equally beyond reproach. At the Crystal Palace concerts of one kind or another were in progress all day long; while at St. James's Hall, in the evening, Mr. Ambrose Austin's annual selection of "Gems from the Oratorios" afforded pleasure to a crowded assembly, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" being therein included, with Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Madame Patey, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Santley as the solo quartet. To these successful undertakings we may further add mention of the performances of the "Messiah" given at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End, and the Shoreditch Tabernacle, each in the presence of large and enthusiastic audiences.

The Popular Concerts ended for the season on Monday, April 11, when, in accordance with Mr. Chappell's custom, a scheme of exceptional attractiveness was presented. On the preceding Saturday an overflowing assembly had gathered to listen to Dr. Joachim and Mr. Leonard Borwick in the ever-welcome "Kreutzer" sonata, which has never placed in a stronger light the grand executive and intellectual qualities of the "king of violinists." He had no unworthy associate in Madame Schumann's accomplished pupil, who was likewise heard in Schubert's "Moment Musical" in A flat, and Mendelssohn's prelude in B flat, playing the latter with such amazing rapidity and accuracy that an encore was the inevitable result. Curiously enough, a string quintet by Mozart and a group of the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dances figured in each of these concluding programmes; while for the final treat of the season Madame Nordica and Dr. Joachim repeated their inimitable rendering of Bach's concerto in D minor, Signor Piatti played Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," and Miss Agnes Zimmermann joined Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti in a memorable performance of Schumann's glorious piano-forte quintet. On the whole, Mr. Arthur Chappell can look back with complacency upon the series of concerts

which thus agreeably terminated. In the matter of attendance it ended better than it began, but from an artistic standpoint the interest and value of these classical entertainments were well sustained throughout; while, if few additions were made to the repertory, the production of Brahms's new clarinet works alone sufficed to shed new distinction upon, and, if possible, enhance the prestige of, the institution.

Two artists made their debuts at the last Crystal Palace concert of the series, on April 16. M. Duloup, a Dutch violinist, made a highly favourable impression by his rendering of Max Bruch's first concerto, displaying a broad, ample tone and an accurate and finished technique; while Madame Bella Monti elicited approval by her vigorous declamation and expressive phrasing in Mendelssohn's "Infelice," albeit her voice was not of a particularly sympathetic quality. There was a time when these concerts used to be regarded as the "happy hunting-ground" of all the foreign vocalists who came to this country. Let us hope that time is not coming back again. Thanks to the care and discretion of Mr. Manns, the improvement in the average quality of the Saturday singers has of late years been very marked, and it is only once in a way that habits have to be complained, as they did on April 9, of an inferior artist being permitted to make a debut in the Sydenham concert-room. Fortunately, this individual (it is scarcely worth while to mention his name) was not the only vocalist engaged, and the audience found a fair degree of consolation in the artistic singing of Signorina Elvira Gambogi. The real success of the day, however, was that which fell to the lot of Mr. Frederick Lamond, whose extraordinary powers of vigorous and brilliant execution found ample scope in an immensely difficult piano-forte concerto by Tchaikowsky. The young Scotchman has made further strides in his art since he last visited London, and if he goes on progressing at the same rate for a few years longer he will develop into a pianist whom British amateurs may feel genuinely proud to claim as their countryman.

The programme of the third Philharmonic Concert, on April 7, was rather long, but the audience would not, we fancy, have cared to have it shortened by the excision of the vocal items, according to the plan which the directors originally proposed to adopt this season. The singer of the evening was Madame Nordica, and her efforts certainly belong to its pleasantest recollections. Never has the gifted American songstress earned greater distinction on the concert platform. Her impassioned delivery of the so-called "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" was instinct with the dramatic impulse of the born lyric actress;

her brilliant and finished vocalisation in the florid *polacca*, "Io son Titania," from Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," was no less worthy of the best traditions of the old Italian school. Madame Nordica's success was proportionate to the excellence of her achievements. She fairly captivated her Philharmonic auditors, and was rewarded by them with very hearty applause. The instrumental soloist of the concert was Dr. Joseph Joachim, whose annual appearance under the auspices of this society is one of the privileges that its subscribers most cherish. The greatest of living violinists was heard for the first time at St. James's Hall in Max Bruch's third violin concerto, and he played it with all the dignity and *maestria* (if, owing to the extremely high pitch, with an occasional falling off from the certainty of intonation) that characterised his rendering of the same work at the Crystal Palace a short time before. The audience seemed to expect Dr. Joachim to play an encore, but he contented himself with returning three times to bow his acknowledgments. The orchestral selection included Schumann's symphony in C, the concert overture in G written by Cherubini for the Philharmonic Society in 1815, and Mr. F. H. Cowen's charming suite "The Language of Flowers," all admirably executed under Mr. Cowen's skilful and vigilant guidance.

An association has been formed in Germany to organise excursion parties, on moderate terms, to go to America during the Chicago Exhibition and to visit the chief towns of the United States and the Falls of Niagara, within sixty days, including the double voyage across the Atlantic. This will be done for £50 or £60, with expenses of board and lodging.

During the Good Friday service in a Spanish country church, at Anglesola, in the province of Lerida, a man named Jaime Alsina, formerly a soldier, attacked the priest, Father Francesco Marti, who was kneeling at the altar, and attempted to kill him, inflicting frightful wounds on the head with a sword; he afterwards fired a revolver among the congregation, killing one woman and wounding other persons.

A new public park for the city of Chester, the gift of the Duke of Westminster, was opened on Easter Monday by the mayor of that city. Its ground, called "Edgar's Field," is on the banks of the Dee, facing Chester Castle, and is supposed to be the site of the ancient palace of the Saxon King Edgar, who had seven Welsh and other princes to row his barge on the Dee. The Duke of Westminster has given £4000 for the cost of laying out this park and £1000 towards keeping it in order.

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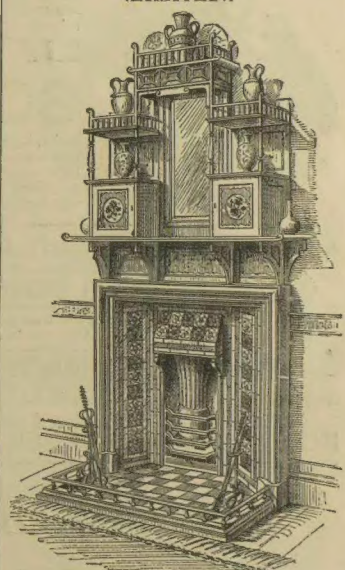
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The Faiths of the Peoples. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy. (Ward and Downey).—In this curious work Mr. Molloy has betaken himself from fiction, Court chronicles, and stage gossip to the manifold mysteries of religious belief, which he treats in a series of sketches of the slightest possible texture. His method is to give a brief summary of the doctrines held by a particular sect, supplemented by a description of the rites and ceremonies in which the doctrine finds expression. For instance, we have a concise epitome of the Catholic faith, a refutation of what Mr. Molloy holds to be Protestant misconceptions, an historical sketch of the Reformation, in which Henry VIII. and Cranmer are held up to the crudest possible odium, and an account of Catholic ceremonial, all in a few pages. This way of handling a gigantic subject would be unsatisfactory enough if Mr. Molloy were perfectly impartial, but a writer who reproaches the Elizabethan persecution of the Jesuits, and says not a syllable about the means employed by Queen Mary to extinguish heresy, puts himself out of court both as a thinker and as a chronicler. Indeed, it is impossible to see what advantage can accrue to anybody from such a treatment of such a theme. Controversial theology certainly derives no illumination from Mr. Molloy, nor does historical fact gain anything either in fullness or in accuracy of sequence. Nobody can read this section of the work with

the smallest chance of being any the wiser. All that Mr. Molloy has succeeded in showing is that he is a good Catholic, who is determined not to let the Protestant dog (to adapt Dr. Johnson's saying) have the best of it. We wonder that such an experienced publicist as Mr. Molloy should imagine that at this time of day any significance whatever can be attached to such exceedingly primitive partisanship. Mr. Molloy is scarcely more fortunate in his treatment of some of the Nonconformist denominations. The story of the Baptists and of Mr. Spurgeon, for example, is very meagre and misleading. No stranger to Spurgeon's career could possibly form any idea of the origin and extent of his influence by reading Mr. Molloy's description of a sermon at the Tabernacle. And how is it that a writer who ought to be sufficiently informed to distinguish between actual characteristics and silly gossip permits himself to repeat the tale of Mr. Spurgeon sliding down the rail of the pulpit-stairs to illustrate the ease of descent into hell? That sort of stale rubbish has no business even in a work which makes so little pretensions to gravity as Mr. Molloy's. The author is more successful in dealing with the blatant impostures which from time to time have passed muster among popular superstitions. One of these is the gospel of Joanna Southcote, which Mr. Molloy describes with a good deal of humour. This crazy adventuress appears to have left a heritage of mingled fraud and imbecility to a queer little sect which holds its ministrations somewhere

over a shop. The moving spirit is a lady whose spiritual influence is unhampered by total illiteracy, and who turns her mission to substantial account in the shape of a landau and a pair of horses. In sketching these minor aberrations of religious "faith" Mr. Molloy is distinctly happier than in attempting to cope with matters which need such acquisitions as ample knowledge and the historic spirit. L. F. A.

Last year, after great difficulties, the foreign diplomats were received by the Emperor of China. This year his Celestial Majesty declines to receive them because in the Note asking for an audience it was stated that the sovereigns of western countries were the equals of the Chinese Emperor. There is also, we are told, a deplorable want of unanimity among the foreign Ministers in Peking, and the wily Celestial, who knows it, acts accordingly.

Diplomatic relations have been re-established between Italy and the United States, the difficulty arising from the lynching of some Italians at New Orleans about twelve months ago having been settled by the payment of an indemnity of \$25,000 to the families of the victims. The United States newspapers say that the right thing has been done gracefully; but several Italian journals are of opinion that more complete satisfaction might have been given to Italy.

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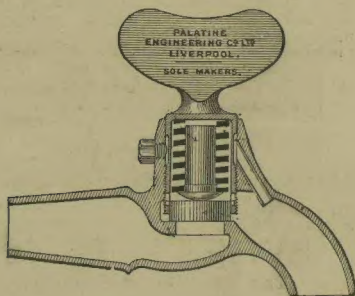
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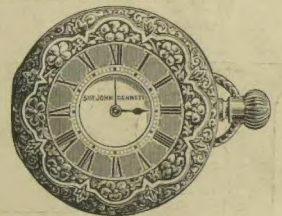
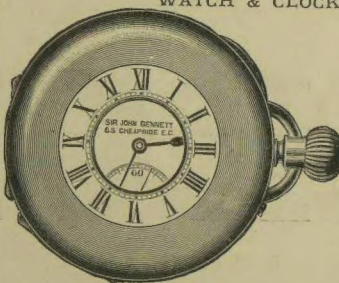
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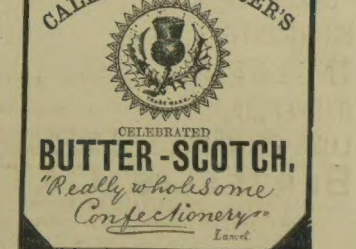
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